

THE
Nassau Literary Magazine.

EDITORS, { CHAS. D. CRANE, N. J.
WM. S. LITTLE, N. Y.

VOL. XXV.

MARCH, 1869.

No. 4.

REFLECTIONS ON AN ESSAY ENTITLED: HAS
THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ARTS AND
SCIENCES CONTRIBUTED TO PURIFY MAN-
NERS?

PRIZE ESSAY—BY DAVID R. SESSIONS, S. C.

The seventeenth century had gone out. Its pure and practical literature had gone out with it. The works of Bossuet and Fevelon alone, standing like pillars of marble in midst of crumbled structures, remained to represent the sound literature of the seventeenth century in France. The eighteenth century had been ushered in—a century of criticism and speculation. Independence of thought and action prevailed. Skepticism, now bold and undisguised, now timid and subtle, had enlisted the greatest mind of France in its evil service. Rousseau, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Didnot, during the eighteenth century, inflicted a wound upon the cause of truth, by their wild and seductive speculations, from which it can never entirely recover.

The essay which forms the subject of these reflections,

was written in the year 1840, by Jean Jacques Rousseau. The French Academy of Dijon had proposed this question for discussion: "Whether the re-establishment of the Arts and Sciences has contributed to purify Manners," and a prize was offered for the best essay on it. Rousseau wrote, and carried off the prize. The journal containing the advertisement fell by accident into our hands. He was then thirty-eight years of age, but had exhibited no extraordinary talent. Up to this period, and it is a remarkable psychological phenomenon, no one could anticipate what he would be afterwards. It is probable however, that Rousseau, like some other men of genius, who was in possession of a powerful idea, was not conscious of it until very late, and after long groping. Those who have never known the transports of imagination, the joys of the understanding, when it thinks it has laid hold of a great truth, can comprehend nothing of the simple enthusiasm and revelations of Rousseau. He was a man of deep and violent feelings. He never approached a question coolly. It will appear natural to us, then, that at the moment when an accidental circumstance laid the train for the explosion of his thought, he experienced all he described, a terrible shaking, a transport mixed with consternation, a tumult among his faculties, bringing together all parts of his soul at that powerful and unexpected call.

Impelled by such feelings did Rousseau come to the discussion of this question. He chose the negative, that is, he would prove that the Arts and Sciences have *not* contributed to purify manners; on the contrary, he lays down the proposition that the Arts and Sciences have contributed to *corrupt* manners.

Rousseau's style is rugged and powerful. It is peculiarly his own; and corresponds with his feelings. No rhetorical analysis is visible in his writings. Ideas seemed to fall upon him in bundles; and as they disengaged themselves and came uppermost one after another, so they found expression.

Yet you can detect no fault in his rhetoric. He seemed to have held the subject, throughout, within his mind, in all its compass. Consequently, it was not necessary for him to write so much here, and then think upon what should come next. This manner of writing calls for previous analysis. Whereas, a mind like Rousseau's that can grasp and hold a subject, in all its principles and details, admits of no such cramping exercise; but, as it were, writes itself.

The peculiarity of the position which he had taken, must have appeared to Rousseau, notwithstanding his infatuation. He was, himself, a man of vast erudition. He was to address the *savants* of Dijon. Could he tell *them* that the Arts and Sciences are an injury to mankind? Could he argue against the practice of his own life? This reflection seemed to call upon him for an apology. Whereupon, in his pathetic manner, he sets out thus: "It is a grand and beautiful sight, to behold man rising from nothingness, by his own efforts; dissipating by the lights of his reason, the darkness in which nature had enveloped him; leaping into the celestial regions by the power of his intellect; traversing with giant steps, like the sun, the vast extent of the universe: and what is still more remarkable entering into his own heart, and studying there the nature, duties, and end of man."

What higher praise could be bestowed upon the Arts and Sciences? Man in his savage state, is little above the brute creation. Under the elevating power of the Arts and Sciences, he is enabled to grapple with, and master the secrets of nature. As civilization and enlightenment advance, the more spiritual does man grow in thought and feeling—the nearer he approaches his true destiny. This praise of the Arts and Sciences appears at first thought, to be unfortunate for Rousseau's proposition. But it will be found upon examination, that it is not inconsistent with the remainder of his discourse. He grants all the good that the Arts and Sciences produce, not however as really and originally good,

but merely good for man in his present state of society. In another part of his discourse, he says that if the Arts and Sciences were suddenly taken from man, now, he would fall into a state of inextricable confusion and misery. He admits, therefore, that the Arts and Sciences are a necessary and indispensable part of society as it now exists; but it is to be kept in mind, that it is against this present state of society that he is arguing. Admit the basis of his argument, the correctness of the idea by which he is moved to say all that he says, and then it will be difficult to refute him. He thinks that man is supplied by nature with all the means of happiness; that the universe is adapted to his wants and pleasures: that he has by nature a moral sense, which is an unerring and all-sufficient guide for him in his actions. If we admit the truth of these assertions, it will not appear to us consistent, that he should have written as above.

Grant his premises, and you cannot escape his conclusion. He did not, however, take his premises from reason, in this essay, at least, but from feeling—the most faulty source. It is a remarkable fact that a man of such intellectual powers, should lack the discretion to “start right;” and not less remarkable that in supporting false notions, he could do so with such deep earnestness as he everywhere evinces. No one, reading even the most faulty of Rousseau’s productions, can avoid believing that the man’s soul was in the work. His feelings, however, did not *always* prompt him to say the wrong thing. We find much truth and wisdom set forth in this essay, but so fearfully mixed up with error and prejudice, that the reader must beware how he searches for them.

Attend to what he now says: “Whilst government and laws provide for the safety and well-being of assembled men, the Arts and Sciences, less despotic and more powerful, perhaps, wreath the garlands of flowers over the chains by which they are bound; stifle in them that sentiment of original liberty, for which they seem to have been born;

make them love their bondage, and form them into what is called a refined people. Necessity raised thrones; the Arts and sciences established them. Ye powers of the earth, be fond of talent, and cherish those who cultivate them. Refined people cultivate them. Happy slaves, you owe to them that fine and delicate taste on which you pride yourselves, that sweetness of character and urbanity of manner which renders intercourse among us so graceful and facile. In a word the appearance of all the virtues without having any."

The force of this invective against the Arts and Sciences is weakened by the fact that inequality among men, is absolutely unavoidable. And it is a question whether the man is born with this sentiment of original liberty? We know that men who come nearest to his ideal of "man in his primitive state," the Indians of North America, for instance, were governed by chiefs and rulers; that there existed a marked inequality among them, arising from difference in physical strength and courage. But he might say, these Indians are not an example of my natural man. If they do not furnish him the example, he must get it from his imagination. Again, we do not find that a people versed in the Arts and Sciences—an educated people—are less fond of liberty. On the contrary it is education that brings a people to know their rights, their claims to liberty.

The next step in Rousseau's discourse is a furious assault on the Arts and Sciences, as introducing that kind of *politesse*, which characterized Rome and Athens in the days of their boasted magnificence and eclat. He calls it unnatural, artificial, deceitful, vitiating. "There reigns in our manners," says he "a vile and deceitful uniformity, as if all minds had been cast in the same mould; unceasingly politeness requires, *bienséance* commands, individuality does not take its own course, but is swallowed up in the fashions. A man no longer dares to appear what he is."

Now, that vices exist in society, the most refined and elegant society, we all admit. But do not the same vices ex-

ist among uncultivated people, and in grosser forms? Is it not better, also, that the vices and weaknesses of our nature should be hidden from the gaze of the world, than exhibited in the repulsive forms, which they assume in savage life? Moreover this "*politesse*" or politeness, although it may sometimes serve as a cloak for deceit, is nevertheless founded on the pure principles of kindness, and concern for the feelings of others.

Rousseau proceeds, next, to show that Egypt, Greece, and Rome as they advanced in the Arts and Sciences, grew weaker and weaker. This does by no means prove that the Arts and Sciences, were the cause of the result. But might it not be attributed to the climate, to their manner of government, to their customs, to their laws, to every other cause, rather than to the Arts and Sciences? But suppose these nations were softened, by giving attention to the Arts and Sciences. Does it follow that they were therefore corrupt in their manners? Descending from nations to individuals, would we say of a man among us, who has a soft and tender disposition, that he is corrupt in his manners? Oftentimes and generally, I believe, it would prove the contrary.

Now in contrast with effeminate Egypt and Rome of a later day, he places the rough tribes of Germany and the Spartans. These latter were more able, says he, to support the hardships of war, and were better soldiers, because they were ignorant of the Arts and Sciences. We learn from history however, that the superior culture of the Athenians gave them many advantages over their simple neighbors, the Spartans, in war; and that the small but well disciplined army of the scientific Cæsar, conquered vast numbers of the brave but unskillful Germans.

Rousseau seems now to be reaching the climax of his infatuation. "Astronomy" says he, "is born of superstition;" eloquence, of ambition, hatred, flattery, lying; physics, from vain curiosity; all, even morality itself, origi-

nate in human pride." How unfortunate the mind that could think thus—and yet be sincere! Can man really, be pure, in a state of ignorance and stupidity? In that state he knows no check to his animality. Is he not just as much given to the baseness of envy, then? Is he less carried away by the fury of revenge? Are his gross senses inaccessible to the allurements of pleasure? To what excesses, does not his cupidity lead him, a cupidity which is conceived in ignorance and sensuality?

But there are aspirations in man's heart by nature. He is conscious of a slumbering power within him—a god-like intellect. Increase his opportunities for exercising it, and with every new development we find him, a nobler and worthier reflex of Him, in whose image he was created.

How, it may well be asked, could Rousseau have fallen into so many and glaring errors? Could he have been sincere? I believe he was perfectly so. The idea which pervades his whole discourse, and about which all his arguments cluster, seems to have burst upon him unexpectedly. I do not believe that he exercised any option whatever. His expressions come from the depths of his heart. But he was wrong. He is not, however, the only instance we have had of deluded intellect and heart. How easy the transition in thought from the queer doctrines of Rousseau to the myths of the ancients?

His idea of the relations between God and man lies at the root of the difficulty. God he recognizes, as the all-powerful, all-wise and benevolent ruler of the universe: He furnishes all that is necessary for the happiness of man, and gives him a moral sense—a monitor of right and wrong to guide him in his actions. Here that relation (according to Rousseau) ceases. God creates man and then, as it were, drops him. In Nature he must find the satisfaction of all his longings and aspirations. All communion between man and his maker is ignored. And man, thus left alone with nature, is prepared for a life of purity and virtue. This

is Rousseau's *idea*, his "natural man"—a man "good by nature, but corrupted by the usages of society." He does not say *society*, but he says as much. For, are not the Arts and Sciences a mere social development?

Where shall we seek Rousseau's *idea*, his "pure man," his "child of nature?" Is not the very nature of man corrupt? Does he not bear within him the germ of every vice? Is there any thing in *nature* that can make us better? How is the difficulty to be removed? From sheer inability to solve this question, Rousseau's theory falls to the ground.

But Christianity meets this difficulty and removes it. It does not pretend that man is born good: it acknowledges that he is corrupt in his very nature. But it presents a simple, all-sufficient, heaven-born plan, by which man may shake off the fetters of the curse, and gain entrance into a new and holy life. That a man of Rousseau's talent and learning should have ignored Christianity and revealed religion, and have turned to *nature* for an explanation of the mysteries of human perversion, brings so many conflicting thoughts into the writers' mind, that he is glad to end his reflections here.

SPRING-TIME IS HERE.

Have you heard the sweet notes of the robin and swallow?
Have you heard the soft chirp of the frog in the hollow?
Have you seen the young buds peeping forth from the trees,
To catch the warm breath of the life-giving breeze?
Have you gathered the wild flowers that rise to the light,
Like dreams of the earth thro' the long Winter night?
Have you heard the soft zephyrs, with frolicsome shake,
Informing the trees that 'tis time to awake!
Then rejoice! these are signs of the birth of the year;
The ice king is fleeing—sweet Spring-time is here.

"POOR IRELAND!"

Little claim is made for the originality of the ideas of this essay. Our object is simply, in the first place, to prove that the reason, given in a piece entitled "Poor Ireland," in the last number of the *Lit.*, does not account for Ireland's miseries; and in the second place, to draw from Ireland's condition, an instructive lesson for our own land.

First. The theory that Ireland owes her misery to the Roman Catholic religion, though at first sight very plausible, will not bear inspection. When we look at Spain, at Italy, at Brazil, at Mexico, and at Ireland, and see their degradation, we are led immediately to conjecture that Romanism is the cause of their slavery; but why do France, and Belgium, (and even Ireland herself did at one time) flourish under the same religion.

We would not be understood as attempting to uphold this vast iniquity of Romanism, but we would lay nothing to her charge, of which she is not guilty. Neither would we deny that Protestantism brings many blessings to every land. To see what these are, compare degraded heathendom, with enlightened christendom; the dark middle ages, with the last few centuries; the condition of knowledge then, and now; the condition of woman then, the Moham-medan's houri, the Hindu's toy, the Australian's beast of burden, the slave of all; now the partner and equal of man, the refiner of society, the christian mother of the land. But we must not let such considerations carry away our judgment, nor must we lay to the charge of their religion, all the miseries of a land.

If we examine carefully the history of Ireland, I think we shall find causes at work, exerting a greater influence on her condition, than her religion does. We do not lay her miseries at the door of English "misrule," which is one of the favorite themes; for policy at one time and real interest at another, have led the English parliament to be remark-

ably kind and magnanimous. The cause does not exist in her climate, for that is exceedingly pleasant; not in her land, for it is rich and abounding in mineral wealth. It is not, as some maintain, in the Celtic blood of her people; there is Celtic France, the Celtic inhabitants of some of Scotland's hills, and why is the district in Ireland, inhabited by a mixed race of Romans, Saxons and Danes, the most wretched in the whole country? In fact, their Celtic blood is what enables them to bear their multiplied hardships with such endurance; hardships that would soon crush those of a gloomy, thoughtful, nature. Their Celtic blood has not prevented them, when educated, from occupying high positions. Was not Burke, the leader of the British Parliament, from Ireland? Did not Ireland produce for eloquence, Grattan, Sheridan and Curran? Did she not give to philosophy him, who stands next to Bacon, the learned Boyle? Was not Moore, an Irishman? Have we not all had our hearts bettered by reading the works of Ireland's Goldsmith? From whence came the hero of Waterloo? The cause of her misfortunes, then, exists not in her land, not in her people, not in the British misrule. Let us now see where it exists.

The author of a work entitled "Ireland's Miseries," when attempting to prove, by comparing the prosperity of Protestant Ulster with the remainder of the island, that her fallen condition is due to her being under the dominion of the Roman Catholic church, mentions the fact, that all the manufactories are found in Ulster and that all the commerce is carried on by this district. He unintentionally gives here the *reason for the degradation of the other districts*. No pursuit is left them except agriculture, and no nation can be prosperous unless agriculture, manufacture, and commerce exist together. They exist together in Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, and in the northern states of our country, and what is the result? They do not exist together in India, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, and in the

southern states of our land ; the result is, that they are being gradually drained of all their wealth.

Scotland, Wales, and the other British possessions, have large manufactories, and their commerce is extensive; hence they are wealthy, though under the same government with Ireland. But is it not Ireland's fault that these do not flourish in her lands? Let us examine briefly the course England has pursued toward Ireland. Before William of Orange drove James II. from Ireland, and conquered the island, she was in a prosperous condition, though under the rule of the Catholic Church. Her manufactories were numerous and increasing, her commerce extensive, and her people rapidly increasing in knowledge and wealth.

But she was becoming too independent of British aid; hence the British government must discountenance that trade, which was rivalling British trade. Ireland must be forced to ship her raw material to England to be worked up; and not content with robbing her manufactories of material, and her inhabitants of the demand for labor to which these manufactories gave rise, the government denied her all share in the shipping, requiring that the finished productions should be reshipped to Ireland in "British ships, manned by British sailors, and owned by British merchants." What is the result? Of course she rapidly degenerated, though then under the dominion of the Protestant religion; for the Catholics were greatly persecuted and the laws against them were very severe, (and these laws existed against them until the end of the eighteenth century). Now another change takes place. The Revolution in America, gave new life to Ireland, and a revolution was attempted there, but she was unable to shake off a tyranny worse than that of the eastern despots. She was under a barbarian despotism, "strong with the strength of civilization." England, however, granted her full independence. Again do we see her rapidly rising in the scale of nations; again her manufactories abound; again her commerce flourishes.

Rapidly does knowledge spread over the land, and at that time "more books were published in Dublin, than are now necessary to supply the greatly increased population of the whole kingdom."

But England's eye is on her, and, as soon as the Union is established, England thrusts her productions into the Irish markets, and, Ireland being allowed no protective tariff, her manufactories, unable yet to compete with the English, are ruined and her commerce destroyed. Lower and lower her people sink, until a famine, which makes the blood run cold even in the reading, sweeps hundreds of thousands from the earth. Has Ireland's religion been the cause of this? Has Popery so blighted the tender bud of Ireland's existence, that she can never bloom on the tree of civilization and progress? No! We have seen that in the past, as her manufactories and her commerce flourished, Ireland grew in wealth and knowledge; that as they declined, she became degraded; then let them be established again, if you would raise her up. Protestantism itself can not benefit her, unless she be granted these *necessities*; for without them she must ever be extremely poor, and "extreme poverty and extreme moral degradation travel hand in hand."

Were this brief review of England's course toward Ireland, insufficient to prove that Ireland's miseries have not resulted from her religion, and had we the space, we could show that England has treated Jamaica, Hindostan, Turkey, India, and Portugal in the same manner, and that the same results have followed. Concerning which countries, one of England's own sons confesses, "that in the places longest under their rule, there exists the largest amount of depravity and crime."

O it sickens the heart to read of the misery, the poverty and consequent moral degradation, that she has introduced into these countries by her trading system! Refusing to recognize the great principles that society is a vast organ-

ism, and that what benefits one part, must benefit every other part, England has ever sought to build up herself. The death of the 1,100,000 slaves in Jamaica, the desolation of India, the poverty and degradation of Portugal and Hindostan must be laid at the door of England's selfishness.

Her sins have returned on her own head; for where will you find the poor in a worse condition than in England? whose poor laws Carlyle compares "to a great chain stretched around the whole population, whose ends with heavy weights attached, hang into the great abyss of pauperism, and are pulling the whole population into it at the rate of twelve hundred per day." Does this seem an exaggerated view, when we remember that in some districts of England, the children are required to work sixteen hours per day for the small pittance of 66 cents per week, simply that the trade of other nations may be destroyed, while she is building up her own?

She must recognize the "harmony of human interest;" she must let Ireland's commerce be unrestrained; she must establish manufactories there; she must save that waste of capital in Ireland, "the amount of which each year," Mr. Carey tells us, "is adequate, if properly applied, to the creation of all the cotton and woolen machinery existing in England;" if she would see Ireland raised from her low position, and placed where her natural wealth, her climate, her position between the two continents, and the natural ability of her people, entitle her to be—among the first nations of the globe.

Secondly: The cry that our land is in danger from Catholicism, we often hear raised. Her iniquitous course in the past, is cited. The degradation and ignorance that follow in her footsteps, are related. We often hear it said, that her eyes are on our young republic, and that she has marked us for her own. This may be true; our danger may be great. Our land may be drenched with the blood of Christians, and may be lighted up with the flames from

the burning bodies of martyrs. We know not what is in store for us. It seems to us, however, that the lesson we should learn from Ireland's condition, is not that we should drive from our land all the Catholics, or that we should use any coercion with them concerning their religion. The lesson is of far more value to us.

The South has ever been a purely agricultural country, depending on the North for her manufactories. As is the case with every land where agriculture exists alone, she has been gradually drained of her wealth. The war completed her prostration. She is now poor, indeed. The lesson then we would learn from Ireland is, that manufactories must be established in the South, and that she must have a commerce, if she would prosper. Too poor to help herself now, she must be aided by the North. "Let the dead past bury its dead," and let our countrymen rise up to a high sense of their responsibility and duty to the land; for, as we have before said, society is a vast organism, and the injury of one part is an injury to the whole: self-interest, then, should lead the North to extend a helping hand to the South. The great Christian principle of doing to others as we would have them do to us, reminds us of our duty.

Would we have the dreadful scenes of Jamaica, Turkey and Ireland, enacted in our own country? Would we have the South, once the garden spot of our land, either filled with starving people, or entirely deserted? Would we cut off one limb of our government? Then let the South struggle on, trying to obtain an existence from agriculture alone, yearly weakening herself; establish no manufactories there; destroy by northern competition the few already established, and a few decades of years will complete her ruin.

O would that we could impress upon every one of those who shall be the future statesmen of our land, the importance of this subject! Would that it had its weight with those now ruling us! Self interest, the love we bear our

country, the laws of humanity, the laws of God, alike demand, that we should raise up the South. Slavery has been abolished; but there exists a slavery far worse and more degrading than that of man to man; it is the slavery of man to nature. Can we stand by and see those created lords of nature, becoming her slaves, when by stretching out our hand we can save them? Did not our fathers save our land from this fate, when in '76 they defied the power that was striving to reduce them, as it had other provinces? And shall we, standing in a brighter light of civilization, not strive to imitate them? Let us learn this lesson, and let us learn from the examples of '76, that self sacrificing love and devotion for our land, which has made her the boast of her citizens, the admiration of the world!

Buz.

FORGETTING.

Dipping oars in the shining water,
Swimming on in the silent stream,
Floating beneath the bending branches,
I lose the weary world and dream.

Crowding the city's stony streets,
Strong men are rushing: and all that meets
The watchful glance of a searching eye,
Is haste—and toil—and slavery.
Grasping for riches and weight of gold;
A life-time bartered—a free heart sold—
The boy grows on to age; and now
He looks for a pillow, where battered brow
May rest; his golden heap is won—
Cold couch for the pilgrim when day is done.

They're whirling on ; as I watch and listen
To notes of birds and the splash of oars,
Recking little of man and sorrows,
Or the bees who hum upon the shores.

Over his volume the scholar stoops,
Heeds not the laugh nor the gladsome groups
Of merry children ; his eyes are cast
Far back in the book of the cloudy past.
Oh scholar ! why torture the weary brain
With that which can never come back again !
The light of the present is ever dim,
And shines with no brightness or glare for him.
But he's ever turning his ling'ring gaze
To lose itself in a shifting haze.

I labor not : but many a vision
Charms me and thrills me, as dreaming there,
I loose the bonds of a flitting fancy,
And banish the thought of a gnawing care.

The surf may rush from the dashing sea,
But what is its musical moan to me ?
The waves may beat on the rocky coast
That bleakly frown on the billowy host :
It cannot frighten my dream away,
Or hasten the close of my golden day.
Though weak and sinking, the weary yet
May rest, if fainting they can forget :
'Tis all the happiness man can seize
From passing moments, as swift time flees.

So I can sit, and gaze, and wonder,
—Nearer each day to the boundless sea—
If the white clouds, that glitter yonder
Hide the bright land where the blest shall be !

THE OLD AGE OF A SCHOLAR.

Childhood is lovely : the sparkle of its eye, the bloom of health, the buoyancy of spirit give a mellow glow to life's first season. But there is a beauty in the closing chapter of existence, a charm in the last page of that wondrous book, lingering in each word and sentence, and gathering strength as that moment approaches when we must lay the volume down forever.

Above all, it is a sorrow mingled with a gentle pleasure, this sight of an aged scholar, who is faltering on the road and whose burden is soon to be lifted from his weary shoulders. Turbulence and violence in that closing hour seem to grate upon the ear with more than usual harshness; it is the time for calmness, quietude, and peace. Man's earthly passions ill befit the season when the petty cares and mortal troubles of a sinful world are soon to vanish in an eternity of happiness or woe. The scarred veteran sends a throb of sadness through the soul when he talks of wars and battles, and we grieve for the memory of what has been, as we gaze on the wreck he offers to our view. With no such feeling do we behold the student and philosopher whose steps are turned towards the grave; as his life was gentle, so will be his death. No tumultuous winds have chilled the morning of his day, and no threatening storms are darkly frowning as his eve draws nigh its close.

Procul, procul! este profani! stand with bowed head and averted eye by the grave of the poet of Christianity; before you are the bones of him who gave to England and the world the grandest work of human thought, whose eagle eye scanned even the dazzling sun of a Creator's mysteries. Scholar and statesman, Samson of song, master of more than Homeric harmony, what clouds beset the sunset of his day?

Filled with the learning of by-gone times and with the literature of his own day at his command, poor, blind;

neglected by an ungrateful nation, John Milton, sole master of the Epic poetry of a language, the very embodiment of the manhood of a mighty Reformation,* trod the downward path of earthly life. Retirement and seclusion marked his closing years, though the strife of politics had hung about his earlier career and beaten savagely upon his breast. Surrounded by his books, the spirits of authors dead and gone, and breathing the air of serenity and peace which they diffuse around them, he sat in cheerfulness, though darkness encompassed him about and rested on his eyelids with its solemn pall. The mind had not declined with the body's decay. Through his soul the grand and thrilling music of the great Epic rolled like a stately march or some stirring anthem; pondering over the deep-toned notes of Chaucer, tragedians, and the simpler strains of Spenser and the Greek with all antiquity and all that was worthy in the present, before his mind, he little heeded the tide which rushed in violence past his cottage door. Within him were springing fountains that could never die, fed by streams whose deep, clear waters never fail. Behind the sightless mask was burning an inextinguishable fire, kindled in boyhood, kept alive in after times, and now lighting up with its glow the ashes of a sinking frame. There is no sublimer spectacle in English history.

As some grand avenue leads on to a stately edifice of noble proportions and impressive front, John Milton's life prepared the way for an old age of glory, passing great. Standing as a youth in the vigorous pride of dawning strength and manhood; a future all before him, colored with bright and golden hues by a fresh heart and undamped imagination; within his grasp rested the treasures of sages and the gathered lore of centuries: hope, courage, and fearless energy animated his soul. It was a glorious picture then; it was no less glorious when the clouds were gilded by the declining rays and the heavens lighted up with all

*Shaw—English Literature.

the splendor of a brilliant sunset. "*Juveni parandum, senitendum est!*" That which as a boy he sowed, he reaped in time, and his soul grew nobler by reflecting on a noble past. We look up in his face with reverence and affection for his gray locks as we listen to the outpourings of his rich and plenteous possessions, the overflowings of a mind filled with the fruits and crowded with the stores of many a year of study. We sit at his feet, rewarded by hours of mental feasting, sharing in the gains of a lifetime, and looking on to the day when we shall have earned, by an existence of pious toil, not perhaps so transcendent a reward, but only that inheritance to which all from least to greatest can aspire.

Was it his genius which gained him this old age, at which all wonder, and for which the good man longs? Byron and Shelley possessed that divine spark, and perished miserably. Who could covet a Napoleon's death? What made the Milton as he was and as he still lives, was his character as a scholar. Without unremitting labor, untiring industry, the gifts which Providence has bestowed lie hidden and of no avail. The silver tankards of the Chelsea Philosopher must be polished assiduously and brightened with care, before the eyes of humanity's herd are dazzled by their own reflection in them. Milton had ambition—so has every man, who has ever yet achieved aught worth recording; but he did not live for it, and to gratify it. If he set before his eyes an exalted end, it was not one of self-aggrandizement, but one which might make a world better, might send a purer flood over mankind to wash away the crusts of ignorance and blindness. He had plans, some of which were too lofty for the intellect of common man to compass, he dreamed of things which none but the greatest can conceive; but no priceless time was squandered on visions or conceits which did not tend to some result of benefit and joy. If his mind wandered away to heavenly realms, it was to gather there some flowers and fruits to

gladden the world and make it a brighter home for poor mortality.

Life has been compared to many things on earth, but there is nothing grand enough to which to liken it. It has been called a tragedy, and old age, the last scenes where the plot approaches its mournful consummation and the skillfully woven web reaches its last winding. To us this seems no just comparison; it casts a shadow far too gloomy. We know that there is an enjoyment in old age; a scholar's life can give it.

We have seen how genius alone could never communicate it. We know from our experience that wealth cannot bestow it. The possession of riches is a perpetual disturbance; children are distrusted, kindred feared, friends become objects of jealous suspicion. Gold has too strong a glare for weak and failing eyes; avarice they say, is an old man's vice. Nor can companions and associates give delight; man loses his sociality. Those who are too young are far too active and buoyant for the tottering pilgrim; the contemplation of them may bring back painful memories; children may be tenderly loved, but their affection is often too fickle and unsteady to make them a firm staff for the feeble, a sure support for the falling. Those who are old themselves, are too much absorbed in the pains and trials of their own nature to mingle cheerfully and serenely with their fellows. There is no present to which to look for comfort or for consolation. The future may give a glad hope to the Christian, but unless the picture of the past is lighted by piety and religion, this future is shaded by remorse and regrets. The past then is the field to which the eye reverts.

This past, study and a scholarly life tend to illumine with a glow of pleasant recollections. Linked with every volume and well nigh every page are associations, some touching and tender, others stirring the heart with glad remembrances. Thoughts of a youth and manhood not passed in vain, of

moments spent in profitable toil, and not squandered recklessly for unworthy objects; of daily learning gained, and hourly expansion of that mind which God has given to us to improve, to strengthen, and to cultivate; these come clustering thick and fast, evoked perhaps by some chance word or paragraph, summoned by a flash of memory. Surely these can be no sorrowful burden, no load of care; rather must they act as balm for a tired and failing spirit, they soothe a soul worn-out by life's hard battles.

Then too they tend to retirement. Seclusion from the busy turmoil of the world, has ever been considered necessary for securing a happy old age. Then man is master of all his pleasures as well as of himself; though body be confined, his mind can roam over all regions and countries, can listen to all speeches and tongues, can recall scenes and faces in past or present history. All ages of mankind come at his bidding. Such is a scholar's retirement, sanctioned by reason and prudence, hallowed by religion.

More than all this, the scholar's life gives to old age the firm and indisputable assurance of a God. Surrounded by the beauties of a matchless universe, with nature's golden treasures spread lavishly before him, with mind's creations heaped upon all sides, and the works of man's brain grasped by his understanding, who could fail to know that he holds somewhere in his being a soul undying and immortal; that the intellect of which he boasts, is part of that divine intelligence, which, so far removed from earth, leaves behind it the clouds of the world, and belongs to that which is above world, and matter, and feeble man! The student who is not mad or blind cannot be an atheist.

Shallow are those who would confine man's learning to the merely *useful*, who scorn the modest, laboring student, and, as they point to the tardy honors which posterity too late bestow, tell us to

“Mark what ills the scholar's life assail—

Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail!”

Is there not more than simple gain? Is there not a goal beyond wealth, or fame, or seeming prosperity? Is there not an end, which is to know God, to love Him, and to imitate Him? Judged by the world's cold estimate which rates happiness by money and measures joy in pieces of gold, the aged scholar may be destitute and wanting; but between a Milton and a Marlborough, who would not choose the hallowed gray hairs of the poet rather than the pompous misery and gilded wretchedness of the mighty general!

LEO.

THE VIOLET.

Beneath the wild-wood's ample shade,
 Hidden in leafy bowers,
 'Tis there thou lift'st thy modest head,
 Thou bonniest of flowers.
 I love thee for the gentle grace
 Upon thy features set;
 No other flower is half so sweet
 As thou, sweet violet.

Alas! how oft we turn away
 From beauty such as thine,
 And seek among the proud and gay
 A place to sing and shine.
 Lured on by fashion's gaudy charms,
 By fame's deceitful ray,
 We turn to these, but find too late
 Our idols are but clay.

Nature was given us to instruct,
 By Him who dwells above;
 Each bud and flower and leaf contains
 Lessons of truth and love.
 So from this humble woodland flower,
 Secluded though it be,
 Each may a precious lesson learn
 Of sweet humility.

 KNOW THYSELF.

“*E cælo descendit, Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν.*”

This is the most solemn, comprehensive, and grandest injunction ever laid upon man. It implies the whole range of man's education—the unfolding of his mind, morals, and manners, his relation to God, to himself, and to his fellow man. Man's life is the gradual development of all his powers, the growth and expansion of his being, and in proportion as this end is accomplished, is his manhood acquired.

The proper solution of this wonderful precept, KNOW THYSELF, requires more space and time than is generally allotted in our Magazine, and we would earnestly refer the reader to a far greater genius,* destined, if read aright, to stamp its impress upon the mind. However, we shall, for a little while, endeavor to occupy your attention in rendering our solution.

FIRST. The Soul:—We shall take for granted that the soul exists as well as our own being, (“for when Apollo† says, *know thyself*, he says, *know thy soul*,” and in this sense shall we hereafter use the words soul and mind), because we would no sooner question the former than the latter. It is a problem not to be proved by a train of syllogisms, but to be known and felt by consciousness; and most pitiable the state of that man, who is not roused to this consciousness. It is not our province to inquire into the affinity, which exists between the soul and body. To ascertain its relation to nerves, brain, blood, or the digestive apparatus, we will let others determine. It sufficeth us to know the existence of this reality which contributes to all other objects their intrinsic worth. Thus we arrive at the

*John Mason, A. M., on Self Knowledge.

†The same.

conclusion that of all things real, the soul is most real and most sublime.

The soul therefore is the fundamental fact of our own existence. It is the source and spring of our life, and when man becomes conscious of this, that very moment he emerges into real life. Previous to this, he was but a mere embryo. What the essence of the soul may be we cannot tell, neither is the soul, from its very nature, capable of solution; since it is nothing less than that real Sphinx, the solution of whose riddle is the destruction of its own being. What should become of the soul, were it possible to define it, to assign its laws, to set its boundaries, or to trace its working, while in itself it is incomprehensible, not to be fathomed nor measured? We will not then ask, what the soul is; sufficient for us to know that it renders man an accountable being. Hence arises man's intrinsic worth, being at once the exponent and the image of the Infinite himself.

Moreover, man, in virtue of this, sets his own value, as said before, on external things, enveloping them with his own grandeur, breathing within them his own soul, and transforming them into his own image. For all the glory and grandeur of nature, properly belong to the mind; the beauty of truth itself is the reflection of his spirit. All the beauty and harmony of nature subsist in and through the mind; for nature presupposes, law, design, unity and harmony, and how could or can these exist independent of the mind. God himself is the great source of light; but "the spirit of man," saith the Scripture, "is the candle of the Lord,"* which throws its light on the external world, and renders its laws, properties, and mechanism visible to man. Wherefore the transcendent splendor which illumines the earth, the celestial glory that reposes thereon, and that solemn, divine majesty, which at midnight hour envelops it, are thus become the representations of the glory, solemn-

*Prov. 20 : 27.

nity, and attributes of man's own mind. Should this appear difficult to comprehend, it is due to our living too much outside of ourselves, accustomed to look upon man as a part of nature, and not upon nature as a part of man. The earth and all nature were made for man, and not man made for them.

SECOND. The intrinsic value of the soul demands its proper development:—Since there is such an infinite weight in the soul of man, there is also an infinite necessity, and importance of its proper development. For the very life of the soul, and that of man are identified. The gradual development of this spiritual inward life, composes the very essence of the education of his whole being. As every other life finds its source and centre within, and from hence gushes out; so the very life or growth of man, holds precisely the same analogy. Different dispensations and influences, it is true, sustain and mature the life within, like heat and moisture on the gentle plant; yet the life itself is not within the dew drop, nor in the grateful ray; but within the plant, and delights in itself, whilst it modestly recoils from the rude caresses of the one, and sweetly absorbs the mellow kisses of the other. In like manner, does the life of man spring from within, all his growth is nothing else than the development of all his nobler powers. This growth adds nothing to the soul. It is the working of its own self into a state, (we call for want of better word) of self-consciousness. This is done by the increase of knowledge, like the little flower, opening one leaf after another, till it develops itself into a full blown rose.

When man therefore becomes intimate with nature, he does not arrive at some possession, which had previously existed outside of himself. No addition can be made to the mind, by imparting into it what it had not before. Hence how applicable, how significant our English word *educate*, to draw out, to render the mind or soul conscious of the great laws and truths, which lie latent and dormant

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in its own depths. Knowledge* is not something to be poured into the mind like water into an empty can, but a seed to be quickened, nourished, and drawn out. It was not among the stars, that Newton found the laws of attraction and gravitation, it was in his own mind, from observing the falling of an apple. It was not in the external world that Euclid discovered the properties of a circle, for for there is no complete circle in existence, except in the mind. Behold again, a philosopher one day in Paris tracing the laws of his own mind, as represented in the heavenly motions. His natural eye cannot see farther than the walls of his cell; almost through the problem, his eye flashes, his brow sweats, his hand trembles, deep agony seizes his whole frame; but the last cipher is put down, and lo! he leaps and shouts for joy, *Eureka! Eureka!* But what? we bid you tell. A world! By tracing the laws of his own mind, he has found that another world exists, and not only that, but its dimensions, distance, and position from other orbs; for he writes to his friend to turn his telescope to such a place and at such a time, in order that he may see a *new world*. The friend obeys and beholds. Other instances can be cited to make good our arguments; so the more the soul increases in knowledge, the more conscious it becomes of the workings and phenomena of its own nature.

THIRD: The natural aspirations of the soul tend Godward:—In the process of rendering the soul thus conscious of its own workings and phenomena, its innate aspirations crave for something yet beyond its own self. The soul panteth for truth, for “the living God,” but alas! contaminated with sin, and impeded with unsurpassable barriers on every side. Nothing but the spiritual can satisfy it. Matter, as a dead mass, can no more satisfy it than the husks of earth can satisfy the redeemed in Heaven.

*Some prefer to call it *the power of acquiring*, like the power of language given to Adam, and *language* when conferred upon objects, so what is acquired they call knowledge.

And as the heaven-born Psyche* perambulates the earth in search of her beloved, so does the soul in search of truth and grandeur. Bewildered at first by some strange phenomenon of nature, and highly wrought (because of sin) in sympathy with external things, it yields itself to the love first suggested, and becomes a willing captive to earthly scenes.

“Forgets the glory he hath known,

And that imperial palace whence he came.”

The bewitching siren of reason and sense leads the heart to her alluring abode, and with marvellous strains fills it with joy and ecstasy. But anon this wild conceit is gone, the alluring castle fades away, and the soul finds itself solitary in the midst of the desert. Sweet memories of ancient home and pristine splendor are now come back upon the mind, and up it rises in search of them, which alone henceforth can satisfy it. How wonderfully applicable is this picture to many a man, who spent his youth, talents and all, in merriment and sin; but now seeks in old age the treasures and pure pleasures of a reformed and better life.

Thus the soul is a kind of self-returning being. It seeks all nature, penetrates the whole universe in search of itself and its maker. Nature as a dead finite being avails it nothing, but as one living harmony, attunes the heart and engenders awe and adoration. The deification of nature in ancient times affords another striking illustration of the Godward searchings of the soul. But groves, brooks, seas, and sky are no longer populated with divinities; since they themselves are now become realities and representations of man's own mind.

The eternal truths, which are impressed upon the tablets of the soul, are read only through the symbols of nature. These symbols are clouds, stars, flowers, seas, mountains, animals, forms, sounds, &c., yet known in their beauty

*Songs of Sol. 3; 1—5.

and symmetry in proportion as the soul has rendered them part of its own self, and recognized therein the handiwork of its Maker. The soul thus reflects on itself and nature, which is indispensable to the knowledge of spiritual truth and of God. For man is truly great and Godlike in proportion as he has exercised reflection. Forbid us, O immortal Soul! to think that mere knowledge of science, of art, of language, or wonderful collection of facts renders man truly great; for many a one has stored in his memory these divers nomenclatures, and is no better afterwards than a mere scroll with empty names. It is not the amount seen or read and treasured in the memory, that measures man's greatness; but what he has seen and read of the spiritual world within, what he has meditated and realized in himself of man, of time, of eternity, and of God. The illiterate Galilean peasants knew more than all the Jewish Rabbies, than all the venerable body of the Sanhedrim. True knowledge implies the blending together of soul and nature, the rendering of the soul conscious of all truths, not merely of their scientific or logical connection; but the moral unity and harmony, which pervade all. This is truth in its highest and purest form. To know thyself is to become in sympathy with all this; not merely to understand and reflect, but to feel, love and adore. God is the loftiest reach of the human soul. Here are its aspirations satiated. To see God in all nature, to recognize God in all science, to acknowledge God in all that pertains to man, and to strive after likeness to God in our souls, must make our lives exalted, powerful and progressive.

"Strive to live well, tread the upward ways,
And rather count thine actions than thy days.
Live well, and then how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim Eternity!"

GWION.

MY DREAM.

I dreamed, not long since, as I lay down to sleep,
That I saw bending o'er me my sweet Angeline ;
Her features that, wakeful, I fondly adored,
To my slumbering vision seemed almost *divine*.

Her eyes, always sparkling, shone bright as the sun,
Yet their glance was as mild as the moon's gentle ray.
Her cheeks always rosy, were flushed like the morn,
When, blushing, she welcomes the god of the day.

Her hair hung in ringlets about her soft neck,
And reposed on a bosom so pure and so white,
That I thought, as I gazed with a lover-like stare,
'Twas a snow drift, all golden with sunbeams and light.

But fair above all, were her ruby-red lips,
That resembled twin-roses, all fragrant with dew ;
By the powers ! 'twere a *sin* for this faltering pen,
To attempt to describe how they looked to my view.

But what were those eyes, if they beamed not on me ?
And what those soft cheeks, without love's blushing fire ?
Does that pure bosom glow with affection's warm flame ?
And have those fair lips for my own a desire ?

As thus in my dreamings enraptured I lay,
Surveying the vision with musing like this,
Methought my fair angel perused my fond heart ;
Then smillingly offered her lips for a kiss.

Transported with joy—overcome with delight,
I breathed not a word—not a syllable spoke—
But approached her sweet form—her warm breath fanned my cheek,
When, *blast it ! confound it ! oh ! dear !*—

I. A. WOKE !

THE INFLUENCE OF WAR ON POETRY.

The discovery of the laws of nature has given us an insight into her mysteries, and made us acquainted with many great truths. The ancients, gazing with awe upon the solar system, were so overcome by its grandeur that they deified the several parts that compose it. Little did they think that in after years the laws that regulate that universe would be discovered, and their superstitions scattered to the four winds of Heaven. These latter days have been made glorious by discoveries in every branch of science. Yet while we wonder at these discoveries, we must not forget that on every hand we see the effects of human causes on human works. Empires have risen and fallen through human agency. With his intellect and his strong right arm, man has effected wonderful things, and has hewn out a grand civilization. In every department he has taken sturdy strides and has accomplished great ends. We find the effects of human causes in the political, social, and literary world—not more in the former than in the latter. But literature has ever called in the divine, the supernatural, to aid the human, the natural.

Especially has this been so with poetry. It could not be otherwise. For, in the earliest society, valor and bravery in war were necessary to position and honor. The chief was he who had shown himself most valiant in battle. Station and wealth depended upon his own merits as a warrior. Thus courage and strength became the criteria of the man, and were considered as the things requisite to true manhood. When their mythologies were formed, they naturally deified valor and endowed their gods with extraordinary strength. Thus power became an attribute of their gods. As poetry was probably invented at first to assist the memory, the ancient harpists in singing their songs of valor could not forget their gods, and in chanting the praises of the gods could not pass over their valor.

Thus it was that war and religion became the standards round which poets rallied; the altars on which they placed their richest treasures.

It would make one essay too extended, to notice the effects of both religion and war on poetry, and we would therefore present a few thoughts on the influence of war on poetry.

Here you will allow us to define exactly what we mean by poetry, and we shall find that although it is universally known what poetry is, yet to give a proper definition of it is not an easy task. It is difficult to build a wall that will just inclose a very irregular piece of ground. It is more difficult to find a definition that shall include poetry alone, nothing more, nothing less—to draw the line that shall separate it from its sister arts on the one hand, and imitations on the other. By poetry we mean an intellectual creation, usually in verse, addressed to the imagination and made with a desire to please. This we think is wide enough to include all, and yet narrow enough to exclude every thing but poetry.

We might bring an array of facts to prove that war affects literature in general, and we might reason that thus and on these general grounds it affects poetry. But our aim is more specific, more direct. We shall therefore consider its primary influence, or its influence directly on the poem, and its secondary influence, or its influence on the poet.

By primary influence we mean the influence it has in furnishing themes and facts which the poet clothes and shades to his taste. Poetry is a creation. War furnishes facts out of which to build fiction; a reality on which to construct an ideal. We are told that "poetry deals with the grand, the terrible, the beautiful." War has ever been considered as one of the grandest and most terrible scenes that can be witnessed, and withal it possesses beauty—the beauty of horror. Combining as it does these three quali-

ties, we are not surprised to find that it becomes a chosen theme for the poet.

Under the primary influence we notice first, the influence of war on the poetry of the heroic passions.

The earlier Greeks and Romans were sturdy and valiant, ambitious for conquest, and wrote their names on the scroll of history in blood. We ascribe their conquests to their valor, but we must not forget that their conquests stimulated their valor. They have left traces of their firmness and love of glory in their institutions, their laws, their literature. We read it well in their poetry. Their valor furnished the theme for their poetry, and their poetry now shows their valor. As a child in a garden of beautiful flowers is at a loss to know what to gather and what to leave—his little hands are not large enough to hold all the flowers—some selection must be made—so we amid so many examples, can scarcely make a selection. The Epic has ever been considered as holding the first position in poetry, and this fact will aid us in our choice. Time will not permit us to notice every soldier, and we will therefore look at the leaders of the Epic phalanx.

Homer, the prince of poets, he whose genius shines alone and unrivalled amidst the darkness of antiquity, has sung of the feats of daring and of valor, that the Greeks performed around the walls of Troy. Fit theme for such a poet! He tells us in his very first words that he sings of wrath—the wrath of Achilles. Patroclus, his friend and boon companion is dead. His death has aroused the worst passions of Achilles' nature. Gladly accepting the friendship now proffered by Agamemnon when before he had spurned it, and although he knows that when his desire is accomplished he must fall, he buckles on his armor and leads forth his trusty followers. See how completely revenge has possession of his soul! His desire is not sated until with his own hand he has avenged his friend, and the body of Hector lies lifeless in the camp.

Next Virgil the Epic poet of Rome catches the inspiration from Homer, and re-echoes his song in lofty strains. Living in the Augustine age of Rome, he could find no nobler theme than a recital of the deeds of valor performed by Æneas and his followers, and the fabulous founding of the Imperial city.

At length chivalry arose. Only individual excursion and feats were performed at first, and these furnished themes for the trouveres. But it was not long ere Peter the Hermit called the mightiest in the land to fight for God and His church, to wage war against the Saracens for the possession of the holy sepulchre. Then took place those long marches and those fearful battles. Such a theme could not but inspire the poet. The horrors of the march and the glories of the fight were handed down from generation to generation, from sire to son, until everything was ready, and, to combine them into a noble poem, the poet appeared. Torquato Tasso collecting the stories of the deeds of prowess as they fell from the lips of the minstrel, and arranging the traditions, produced his grand work, "Jerusalem Delivered."

In this we find a noble poem worthy of such noble deeds. Pre-eminently is this a poem of passion.

After the revolution that ended in the death of Charles the First of England, Milton laid aside his character as statesman and became the poet. Earthly themes were not suited to his taste, and although Homer was his delight, yet he longed for something more glorious, more heavenly. Thus it was that soaring on the wings of his imagination, past time and beyond sense he found a celestial warfare, a divine victory. Singing in lofty lays he appeals to our reason, touches our heart and leads our imagination. Here we find angelic valor fighting with transcendent love. The very grandeur of his character corresponds with the nobleness of his theme. He allows the passions to rage, only restrained by the grand aim of his poem.

But Achilles was not destined to rage always. Through

that armor which had withstood the javelin of Hector, the dart from the hand of Paris found its way. The conquering Cæsar nigh forgot his victories and his glories, when he beheld the Egyptian queen. So we see that men possess other than heroic passions, and here we make an easy transition, to notice secondly the influence of war on the poetry of the pathetic passions.

A nation feels grief and sorrow, and especially does it feel it when at war. Achilles' wrath was "to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered."

When a great and good man is taken away, it is termed a national misfortune. Our nation as a nation remembers the Creator's blessings and goodness. The happy results of war are considered as national glories, and reverses in war, and frequently wars themselves, are termed national calamities.

But we can notice the influence better in individuals. Priam through love for Hector, braved the dangers of entering the camp of an enemy, and besought for the body of his son until his anguish touched the heart of Achilles, and the old man returns with the body. Andromache, overcome with grief pours forth her passionate wailings in noble verse. The love for her child, bereft of its parent, and her own deep anguish move our hearts with pity.

We now glance down the history of warfare and see that a change has come over that, and if we turn to the poetry of the middle ages, we will find a corresponding change in it. The old war cry of "Joy and victory!" is changed to "God, country and my lady!" Instead of chanting the grand old pæan, the knight, encased in his armor, with spear at rest and his lady's colors flying from his helmet, dashes into the fray with her name on his lips.

In Homer, although there are beautiful exhibitions of the pathetic, yet the heroic passions predominate. Turn to Tasso! A number of christian knights are drawn from the army by the fair Armida. Rinaldo after achieving

great success in the field, while his sword is yet bloody, gives himself up to the pathetic passions, and the fierce warrior becomes the tender lover. The gallant crusader Godfrey, fighting with power, achieved the victory. During the battle, his veneration and his love were almost completely restrained by his valor and his prowess, yet when the holy sepulchre appeared in view, they burst forth even with more force because of their previous restraint and—

“ His bloody coat he put not off, but run
To the high temple with his noble train,
And there hung up his arms, and there he bows
His knees, there pray'd and there performed his vows.”

Who can listen to the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying, after the battle has ended, without a feeling of pity. The father mourns his son slain, the mother's grief cannot be expressed. The widow's anguish and the orphan's prayer can not be resisted. Such sorrow as this could not but furnish a theme for the poet.

We have dwelt rather longer than we had anticipated, on the influence of war on the poem, and you will allow us to pass directly to our second head and notice briefly the influence of war on the poet.

War always shakes society to its foundation. Every class throughout the land perceives its influence. The merchant, the scholar, the laborer and the millionaire alike feel its touch. The poet is not such a singular being that he can escape its influence. No doubt we have been anticipated in our example.

Dante, the statesman-poet, was born at Florence, and as his father had done before him, espoused the cause of the Guelphs. They became divided into two factions—the Whites and Blacks. During Dante's absence from his native city as ambassador to Rome, the Blacks obtained possession of affairs in Florence, and the illustrious poet was sentenced to banishment. This it was that made his poem so sorrowful. He breathes his feelings into every page. We

would be unable to account for many of its peculiarities if we did not know of his banishment.

More particularly may be noticed this influence in the name of his poem. He called it the "Comedy of Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by nation but not by habits." Florentine by nation! His native city could deprive him of everything but life and nationality, for wherever he roamed he was still a Florentine. The bard of Italy wandered penniless. His customs were not like those of the inhabitants of Florence. He was not a Florentine by habits.

We have thus endeavored to show the influence of war on poetry. We have seen its influence on the poetry of the heroic and the pathetic passions. For the better furtherance of this aim we have glanced at the five greatest epics of the world, and have seen that war has exercised a great influence in their production. Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, all tuned their lyres to sing the glories of the march and the honors of the fight. Dante, even in his grandest flights, could not forget that he was a wanderer from, and a stranger to, his native land, Florence.

When our life ceases to be inward and private, conversation degenerates into mere gossip. We rarely meet a man who can tell us any news which he has not read in a newspaper, or been told by his neighbor; and, for the most part, the only difference between us and our fellow is, that he has seen the newspaper, or been out to tea, and we have not. In proportion as our inward life fails, we go more constantly and desperately to the post-office. You may depend on it, that the poor fellow who walks away with the greatest number of letters, proud of his extensive correspondence, has not heard from himself for a long while.

—*Thoreau.*

THE EAST COLLEGE GHOST.

AS RELATED BY A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '5-.

I was a pretty jolly Princeton boy, and as things were in my day, that was saying a good deal; for we were a wild set then, and our Southerners were as lively a crowd of students as you can find this side of the "big water." We did a deal more roaming about by midnight and skylarking generally than you do now. Of course we had some sober-minded fellows who stayed in their rooms after nine o'clock, and always polled their Greek Testament without a *trans*; but they were few and scattered—occasionally you could see one rising above the others pure and conspicuous as a snow-patch the day after a heavy thaw. Was I a correct or a carousing youth? Well—it was a good while ago, and I am a hard-working lawyer now; if idle reports, which I always find to be the most busy, get abroad, they may injure my practice: *verbum sap*.

I don't mind telling you, though, of the "East College Ghost," with which I had so delightful an experience.

I came home one night from a "little party" a friend had given, where the punch had been circulated pretty freely—we actually drank punch in those days, though you of the present may not believe it. Chanting snatches of that popular version of "Malbrook" known as "We wo' go ho' till morrin'," I gained my apartment. My head was not precisely in a lucidly clear condition when I tumbled into my narrow bed, after successfully hanging up my hat in the slop-bucket and vainly endeavoring to wind up my watch with the door-key. I must have slept heavily until towards morning, when, at about day-break, I awoke. You must know that my quarters during Junior year were in a barrack-room in East College; hence I was chumless. It was in warm spring-weather and my window was open wide. I never troubled myself much about robbers: I

hadn't much that any respectable thief would want to steal, except perhaps a few Greek and Latin texts *not* at all worn, which would be rather heavy reading for light-fingered gentry. But this particular morning, as I half rose to take an observation of my surroundings, I felt my heart almost stop its beatings as I gazed on a strange object confronting me, framed in my open window; for my bed lay with its foot towards the aperture, but at the opposite end of the room.

It was a long, dark face; the nose was huge and flattened, and the nostrils wide and gaping; a sort of fiendish grin was on its countenance; a devilish grimace flashed across the visage of the Thing; two objects that seemed like short horns projected from its head. But those eyes! large, lustrous, and terrible in their deep expression of remorse, of horror, of pain! they might have belonged to the Borgia herself; they might have been the orbs of some tortured being, fallen from exalted heights and visited with the fearful punishments which afflict the wicked spirit; a thousand shades varying between piteous appeal and threatening menace glittered in them during the brief moments while my eyes seemed to freeze in the awful contemplation. Even now I remember distinctly the shudder of terror which shot over my frame, weakened as I was by my slight dissipation of the previous night. Naturally I am no coward; but when in the dusk of the early morn I saw that hideous head, I felt that I was sucked as dry of courage as a well-squeezed sponge.

Half unconscious, I fell back on my pillow; a low and indistinct moan just sounding in my ears as my senses left me. My swoon could not have lasted more than two minutes; but when I recovered and mustered strength to look again, the face was gone. I hastened to the window in the hardihood of despair, when my foot caught in one of the numerous holes in my not very sumptuous carpet, and I fell head-foremost to the floor. The shock stunned me for

some time: weak, weary, and wholly miserable, I finally sought my couch again to sleep a restless and uneasy slumber.

I did not rise till the sun was high and the chapel-bell had long since called the students to roll-call and prayers; indeed the morning lecture bell was just sounding its clear and decided summons. I was a confirmed "cutter" however, and hence my actions were not much influenced by such tintinnabular biddings; but I now felt able to get up and think over the apparition by broad, honest daylight. I must confess I was at first a little disposed to ascribe it to the fumes of the punch or to my own eccentric imagination; but somehow the reality was so strongly engraven on my mind that this was anything but a satisfactory explanation.

I made no disclosures to any one; for I knew better than to entrust my secret to fellows who would have asked no better fun than to "bore" me unmercifully about it. I repented that day, in brandy and soda, the sins of the preceding; went to recitations; had the unexpected felicity of being called up, when my befogged intellect was so bewildered that it was hardly adequate to an example in Long Division, much less a problem in that abomination in mathematics, the Calculus.

I need not tell you that I was a little changed for a week or so: visions of better things done, of follies relinquished, of future usefulness and present reform, flitted in my mind with more than their usual consistency. But with the week the impression became feebler, and I was soon as bad as ever. Three weeks wore away and it was summer. I had been sitting up polling for examination—no punch this time—no excitement except as much as is afforded in fining the right place in a *trans* to Juvenal when you have strayed from your usual course to hunt up a word in the Dictionary. I retired pretty late; slept soundly till about day-dawn, when I awoke, and, with blood chilling and flesh quaking, perceived my haunting demon.

A low, grinding noise it seemed to crunch out; we both stared; I felt a paralysis in every muscle such as in nightmares seems to weigh one down; I was held bound, as in a vice. Gradually the head receded, all of a sudden disappearing utterly: when at last with a gasp I leaped from my bed and sought my window, there was no sign to be seen of my unearthly visitant. I confess to being in a very wretched state of mind; I thought it was really the Evil One and no mistake. I confided my story now to my nearest friend; and speedily it was known to the ends of the world of college. As I foresaw, I was much chaffed. Endless allusions were made to "spirits"—by the way, an extremely old joke; suggestions were offered that it was a "dead-head," advice was granted, that being accustomed to the practice, I should "take a horn" next time it favored me by "calling over;" in short I ran the gauntlet of such remarkably brilliant sallies. Finding a friend who would sleep with me occasionally, I went on the course of college life quite comfortably; we saw no horrible spectacles again: but directly beneath my window I saw in the soft earth *the print of a cloven hoof!*

It was too much for me; I swore off chewing tobacco, began to attend chapel, *did* reform straightway, strange as it may seem, and became a law-abiding, peaceable member of the community. Instead of patronizing "Gibe's," the great resort at that time, I wearied myself over ponderous tomes of philosophy and crabbed pages of Greek. The result was made apparent in my grades at the end of the term; I was advanced 3 in my standing and instead of being 56th (in a class of 64 members) had the honor of ranking 54th; whereat Pa and Ma were wonderfully delighted and I was temporarily considered a youth of decided talent—inasmuch as my position had been gradually descending since Fresh Year, owing to the additions to the class and my progress in all manner of indolence and carelessness.

After vacation had rolled by and the stage—we had no “dummies” then, except *in* College—had landed me and my baggage, along with a dozen companions once more returned to Nassau’s shades. I left No. 3, East College. A very good natured classmate who, contrary to usual custom in Senior Year, was moving *into* College, took the room and what furniture there was—precious little and well-worn at that! After my frank explanation of the true cause of my departure, he only remarked that “if Satan saw necessary to come, he couldn’t help it; he gussed it was me he was after.” He must have been right; for I never heard of his having seen any signs of intruders, though a Freshman one evening (who wanted to be very brave) made noises in front of the window and incautiously raising his head, was incontinently felled by a boot-jack from the hands of my muscular successor.

* * * * *

Some time had elapsed; one morning I was strolling, before chapel, along the road which goes between the chapel and East; in loafing leisurely along I happened to glance towards the open space which you know extends behind East College. Nobody was up yet and all was silent—nothing in sight but two cows grazing quietly on the scanty grass. A freak seized me and I walked around to view the back windows of the room that had been lately mine. As I approached, one of the cows, startled by my footsteps, looked up at me. That face again! I recoiled a pace.

[My windows were about three feet from the ground; it is unnecessary to say more.]

I didn’t tell many of the boys about it; but from that time forth I have never had much faith in supernatural appearances; and I acknowledge that at this day a sort of cold shiver of disgust and contempt for myself—such as one often feels when we are conscious of having made egregious fools of ourselves—steals over me when I think that I was turned out of my lodgings, well-nigh scared to

death, and utterly reformed in my way of life—all by the awful head of one of Prof. ——'s old cows !

Collateral Moral, for which no extra charge is made; if you leave salt on your window-sill, look out for wonderful sights.

THE FIRST HUMAN FORM.

GEN., chap. 2nd, vs. 4—7.

A FRAGMENT.

— Light rose the morning mist
Through glowing realms of calm, untainted air;
Touch'd, as it rose, with brightest, warmest tints,
Pour'd from a sun unspotted, uneclipsed;
Afar disclosing, by its soft ascent,
A scene surpassing all that genius dreams,
When beauty's choicest visions charm the soul.
— So fresh, so green, so blooming all below:
So white the pebbles, gleaming from the depths
Of clear, cool waters, gently gliding round;
So fair the flowers, that watched them from the marge,
As doves that woo their mates in shadeless noon;
So graceful every motion, every shape
Of woodlands, mellowed with an emerald hue,
Dawning through foilage with no faded leaf;
So loving every action, every look
Of living wonders, filling wood and wave,
With gladsome mirth, by evil undisturbed;
So winning and entrancing countless birds,
Came warbling upward, free from note of fear,
Songs blent with sweets from roseate homes of bliss.
— So wide, so high, so glorious above:
So dazzling to the eagle's glance, the sun;
And so intense the blue and boundless sky,
Through whose dim distance slow the stormless breeze
The mildness of the mist withdrew.

Realm, subjects, court, in grand array complete !
Why comes not forth the crowned and sceptred King ?
A world is waiting for its Godlike Head,
Why lingers yet the pomp of Peerless Power ?

A bowery slope, with bloom and verdure soft,
Opening on park and plain, in sun and shade.
Selectest loveliness of earth and sky—
Revealed the noblest of all forms divine—
The mould of man !

The air was hushed with awe :
The grove intent, as every leaf in thought ;
Sport 'neath the branches stood unmoved ; above,
With folded plumes, in silence, music gazed.

Unconscious still the perfect structure lay.
It was not death ! The air had never sighed
To know the spectre—breathing claims it all :
The soil had never quaked beneath his feet,
Sealed by their print, a common sepulchre :
Nor in that form had active warmth
Evolved and been exhausted ; no decay,
Obstruction none, nor aught of fatal sign
Invoked the grave.

And yet it was not life !
Nor swoon, nor trance, nor any accident
Of vital being, held its empire there.
And sleep was not ; no sense had been awake,
No pulse was yet in motion ; in the brain,
No outward image ; no perceptive mind.
A statue,—not from adamant cut out,
With superficial gloss of solid mass ;
But wrought from dust, with transformation strange,
To bone, flesh, blood ; without, of part sublime,
Within, of rarest wisdom, only known,
To Him who made it ; ready at His touch,
To start—with thousand instincts inspired.

A matchless work. The common elements
In glorious union, such as earth and heaven
Had none to rival. Angels there beheld

Harmonious symmetries, which God himself,
Embodying, deem'd the glory of His skill,
The image of his own revealing Form.
All dignity and beauty blent with grace :
And over all a faint diffusing glow,
A pictured prayer to feel the flame of life.

It seemed the pause were purposed, that the Sire,
Pleased with his offspring, might demand of all,
If such a shape became the lord of earth ?
And all the ranks around gave glad assent,
Such mild, subduing majesty went forth,
From that Unliving One ; and all on high,
Spirits of Power, of Beauty, and of Speed :
Spirits of Order, Government, and Law ;
Spirits of Life, Health, Immortality—
All witnesses of all the works of God—
Exulted in the fitness of the choice,
And hailed the coronation of the man !
The breath of Lives !

And instantly arose,
Flushed with the fire, the Father of the World !
His soul was in a trance of truth and bliss,
Thought and affection filling first with God,
Admiring and adoring, drinking power
To know all facts, relations, ends : yet soon
Opened his senses to the regions round.
A deeper silence held the subject sphere,
The while those wondrous eyes, with starry glance,
Pictured the glen, o'er hill and valley shone,
Reposed enraptured on the ardent scene,
And gave the whole calm circle to the mind.
Then gushed the sound of waters on his ear,
New inspiration ! Whispering brooks came close,
Then hurrying through the gloom, again looked back
From distant sunshine ; and the solemn roar
Of falls, unseen—from forests moist with spray,
Remoter homage brought, subdued and slow.
Next, low and sweet began, and swelling rose
The myriad welcoming of half-hid birds,
The near leaves trembling with trill'd delight.
And self recovered from that royal gaze,
The lion, rising in his mild retreat,

Poured the full thunder of a stronger life.
Woke, too, the wind,—and touched another sense,
With most luxurious coolness ; while the flowers
From purest censers flung their perfumes forth ;
And all the scene, released from its restraint,
With nobler charms than when so brightly still,
Waved shadowy round ; and he the lord of all
Shook, as a child in joy, his manly locks !

Baltimore. (* * S——.)

WISHING.

Most people have heard the story in which we are told that a man and his wife were so eager to have their wishes fulfilled ; how the witch came flying down the chimney with the usual and time-honored broom-stick and gave them permission to make three wishes, kindly guaranteeing their fulfillment. They no sooner heard this than they—husband and wife ! sad, is it not ?—began disputing about what they should wish for. The dispute lasted till long after dinner time, and the man feeling hungry, exclaimed, “ I wish I had a pudding ! ” Enter pudding, *via* chimney. The chimney must have been very clean, or the pudding very dirty. However, dirty or clean, the pudding came, and with it, as a kind of sauce, a few remarks and criticisms from madam, not altogether complimentary to the judgment and prudence of her natural protector. Our hero agreed perfectly with Solomon in regard to the delights to be experienced in the company of a scolding wife. He should certainly, have allowed his wife the privilege of making the second wish ; but ere he was aware of the fact he had wished that the pudding would stick on her nose. The lady partaking of the frailty of her sex, was vain enough to suppose that the pudding was by no means an ornamental ap-

pendage, nor one calculated to be a pleasant companion through life. Are we then surprised to find that she wished it off again? We think not—well they had their wishes fulfilled and were not a whit the better off for it. They, like most people saw their error too late.

Perhaps it may strike you that since we admit that most people have heard this story, it is rather superfluous for us to make a "twice-told tale" of it. We have told it; *first*, for the benefit of those who have not heard it before, and *secondly*, because it affords a first rate handle to what we would say on the subject of wishing.

Have you ever heard that pretty little hymn, "I wish I were an angel," sung by some blithe fairy of eighteen summers? Has it not struck you that her wish was already accomplished? Possibly you may have heard some one on the other side of your entry repeating this same wish, in tones not very musical while you were striving to render your name immortal by an essay on Social Science. If so, have you not heartily seconded your friend's wish? We are afraid that you have, without any particular reservation in regard to the color of his wings!

When you were a Freshman, did you not wish yourself a Sophomore; and when you had arrived at Sophomoric dignity, didn't you wish yourself anything *but* a Sophomore? Perhaps at some period of your Soph year you have had a faint desire that your period of "morning recitations" might terminate rather abruptly. Have you not sometimes thought that your "linguistic inquiries" might have been pursued with quite as much pleasure if there were a few less synonyms in Greek? So we thought; but we were told that there was nothing like polling synonyms for enlarging and developing the latent energies of the mind. Have we found this to be the case? Of course we have. Some persons might have so little of the philosopher in them, as to think that practical knowledge would prove more beneficial to young men; but in our opinion no plea-

sure can be compared to that which is derived from studying the nice distinctions to be observed between *αστυ* and *πολις*, and between *δει* and *χοη*.

Have you never wished, towards the end of the term, that your eyes were sore; or better yet, could by any means be induced to *look* sore for fifteen consecutive minutes, while you plead your total inability to pass any examination? Need we expatiate upon the immorality of such a wish? How it unfolds the deceitfulness of the human heart!

In Junior Year you may have wished that some philanthropist had made an addition to Bohn's Classical Library in the way of a "trans" to *Epistolæ Ciceronis*. But you should have considered the fact that were there any such book, you would have been very likely to have had somebody else's letters to which there was not even a seven dollar translation. Senior Year, too, is not without its idle wishes. Would you be sorry if those "higher mathematics" were a trifle *lower*; say, within the reach of one or two of the class? You would not be troubled if the Chapel stage exercises were dispensed with; final examination does not present an over abundance of charms. But were any of these things omitted, your mental culture would be far from what it should be. The very height of the mathematics gives you an opportunity to practice at mental jumps when you expect to be called upon to perform, and to endeavor by straining every nerve to "take hold of the subject." The Chapel stage exercises afford you an opportunity of Demosthenizing yourself, which may not be tendered you, with the same cordiality, on Commencement Day. Final examination will show you how little it is possible for a man to learn in four years of hard (?) study! a very important item of knowledge.

When you graduate, if graduate you do, it is very likely you will wish that you may be married. Pause and consider, before you take the preliminary step towards the accomplishment of your wish. Married! Why a pudding

on your nose would be a thing to be envied in comparison with such a condition. One pudding, did we say? A dozen of them would be preferable! "Look before you leap," and ten to one you will leap the other way!

Hæc fabula docet: Stop wishing and get to work.

K.

CHANGE.

Introductions to royalty, presidential dignity, persons of note, ladies and essays are generally considered borous and likewise difficult. The ladies must not imagine by the above assertion in which they are included, that anything derogatory to their attractions is intended.

The application of the principle, that labor and trouble precede and lead to happiness, holds true in their case; for after an introduction is over, oh what—well we will call it felicity!

Though deeply impressed with the truth prevailling in all the parts of our modest assertion, we would willingly confess that it is most apparent in essays.

We accordingly would make our introduction short as possible, thereby saving time and space and perhaps our reputation. The words

"Where O where are the good old Seniors
Safe now in the wide, wide, world."

So often sung in these "academic precincts;" we present to your consideration, as the needle of a compass, to indicate our position. We would offer them as an exponent of the word change.

Soon another class leaves its Alma Mater's care, soon great changes take place; the present occasion then is a

fitting time to take a long last farewell to the "good old times."

"Weep not that the world changes—did it keep

A stable, changeless course, 'twere cause to weep."

The history of the world is full of epochs and changes, mankind shares them and individuals are not wanting in either respect. Change is necessary at times, to prosperity and wealth.

A new epoch is dawning on our college, new scenes are fast preparing, not many years will roll around, before the *now* will become the far past, not merely as regards time but also in respect to improvements.

A new president occupies the chair, where for many years another man of worth has sat.

The system of education, so long pursued and with so much success, in the next academic year will yield its long uncontested seat; it like everything else is becoming republicanized.

The campus which has for ages almost, never had its silence broken by the ringing of a mason's trowel, will soon under its influence and the generosity of kind friends, add a temple to the God of Biceps, to whom many a weary body will make obeisance and with palpitating heart and nerves well strung, cultivate within his walls, that portion which he has bestowed upon man.

The rooms which the learned and the learner have so long occupied, will soon cease to echo the words of wisdom from the former and the "here" of the latter, so indicative of absorption.

The semi-circular arrangement of seats, will not torture another generation and by their removal will partially undermine the maxim, that there is "no royal road to learning." Morpheus and his father Somnus, intend visiting these "classic shades," where the "midnight oil" never ceases to burn, and their power never refuses to attract; to superintend the erection of a dormitory, available only to

the most sleepy of his devotees. An instrument will shortly cap the mound, now erected "on the back bone of New Jersey," and ravish some distant star of its unseen purity.

These and many more worthy changes, are soon to be completed. The Class of '69 leaves these walls so long its shelter, having but a glimpse of what will be, yet realizing the good things of the past.

She leaves with no visible change and with her the "good old times" depart.

When in future years, she directs her descendants to the fountain, which more than satisfied her thirst, but did not quench it; they can tell their college friends of the days when their fathers tarried here, when no gymnasium, no Dickinson Hall, no new dormitory, no new telescope, no new—what shall it be kind friends, noble benefactors?—existed.

Advantages and responsibilities are fast increasing for succeeding classes and with them all, we would wish success.

Then bidding farewell to the "good old times," we would welcome the new; believing there will be no failure attending the attempts made in advancing education, at what was once Nassau Hall, but may be and will be better known as Princeton College.

RAB.

IMPERFECTIONS.—"I am too conscious of my own imperfections, to rake into and dilate upon the failings of other men; and though I carry always some ill-nature about me, yet it is, I hope, no more than is in this world necessary for a preservation."

Vila-podrida.

COLLEGE NEWS.

DOINGS AT HOME.

With the compliments of the season, and the accustomed editorial regrets on account of lack of articles for the "Lit.," and want of time for the printer, we present the March number for your perusal.

This number completes the volume under the control of '69, and closes the twenty-fifth year of the magazine. For a quarter of a century it has been a receptacle for college genius, imagination and wit.

We bow a farewell to its patrons of this and the last twenty-five years, and a welcome to the succeeding custodians of its reputation.

TRUSTEE MEETINGS.—A special meeting of the Trustees of the College, was held on the 16th of Feb., to revise and amplify the College curriculum, and adopt other measures to increase the efficiency of the institution.

Among other provisions for these ends, it was determined to develop more fully the course of instruction in Mental Philosophy, Philology and Political Science, and institute the new departments of English Language and Literature, Modern Languages and Literature, Modern History, and Natural History.

To make room for these additional branches, it was resolved to adopt, to a limited extent, the elective system pursued in some other colleges and universities in this country and Europe, by which, while all is preserved that is essential to a symmetrical education in the branches hitherto taught, opportunity will be offered to the students according to their respective tastes and aptitudes, for higher culture in any of these branches, or, in their stead, in other departments of knowledge which the progress of the age has brought into prominence.

The elective studies when chosen by the students, will become obligatory,

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and must be pursued with the same diligence and with the same reference to mental training as those that constitute the studies denominated obligatory.

For the accomplishment of these purposes, a readjustment has been made of the duties of the several chairs of instruction.

The President of the College, Rev. Dr. McCosh, in addition to his administrative duties, will take an active part in the educational department, and, beside Biblical Instruction, will give a thorough course of lectures on Psychology and the History of Philosophy.

Dr. Atwater, relinquishing Mental Philosophy to the President, is appointed Professor of Logic and Moral and Political Science.

Dr. Schanck is made Professor of Chemistry and Natural History.

Dr. McIlvaine, Professor of Belles Lettres and English Language and Literature.

Dr. Shields, Professor of Modern History and the Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion, and Dr. Aiken, Professor of Latin and the Science of Language.

The chairs of Professors Alexander, Guyot, Duffield and Cameron remain unchanged, and Dr. Moffat will continue to lecture on Greek Literature.

A Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature was instituted, but the appointment of the incumbent was deferred for the present. The contemplated changes will go into effect at the beginning of the next academic year.

The Board of Trustees, at the same meeting, resolved to erect a new building, to be called in honor of the first President of the College, "Dickinson Hall," which is to contain eight or nine lecture rooms and a large examination hall, to be furnished with suitable apparatus and other necessary appliances. It was also resolved to put up another building for dormitories as soon as suitable plans can be procured.

The plans for a spacious and complete gymnasium are completed, and the work of erection will be commenced as soon as the season will permit, the funds having already been contributed by Messrs. H. G. Marquand and Robert Bonner of New York.

The Trustees held another special meeting on the 26th of February, called at the request of Dr. McIlvaine, in order that they might reconsider the action taken by them relative to the change of the Professorship of Political Economy from Dr. McIlvaine to Dr. Atwater. After due consideration, the Trustees determined to stand by their original decision; so the change takes place next year. We do not see how the lectures on this subject can be improved, but trust they will not lose in interest by the alteration.

THE DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES was observed on the 25th of February, according to a custom now in existence about forty-six years. At the request of the Philadelphian Society, Dr. John Hall of New York delivered an address.

College duties were dispensed with, and the general quietude of the Sabbath prevailed.

Dr. Duffield conducted the 10 o'clock A. M. prayer meeting; at 3 o'clock P. M. the principal service of the day was held in the chapel, conducted by Dr. Maclean, Dr. McCosh, Dr. Green and Dr. Hall.

Dr. Hall made some of the most pleasing remarks we ever heard on such an occasion, giving a few reminiscences of his college days across the ocean, and adding much good and kind advice. Dr. Atwater conducted the evening prayer meeting.

LECTURE ASSOCIATION.—On the evenings of the 15th and 23d of February we were pleased to hear Prof. Kidd, the elocutionist, read some choice selections before the Students' Lecture Association, in Mercer Hall. We have not heard of the Association since: what has become of it?

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB of Boston favored us with a visit on the evening of March 9th, affording us a rare musical treat. Mrs. H. M. Smith, the Solo Soprano of the Handel and Haydn society accompanied them. She has a rich and powerful voice.

They favored us about a year ago, and the popularity they have attained in Boston and at all the Eastern Colleges, is fully appreciated here; though they are too far away to allow our obtaining their services on gala-days, we always welcome their annual visits.

THE NEW CATALOGUE for '68-'69 is before us, having been issued about the middle of March in an improved form, and on looking over it we notice many changes since its last publication. 280 names appear upon the rolls: 54 Seniors, 86 Juniors, 75 Sophomores and 65 Freshmen.

The terms of admission have been elevated considerably, and the course after Soph. year has been made partially elective; the Professors hereafter will not neglect the Freshmen entirely and the Senior class, after this year, will remain till near Commencement.

The vacations have been altered; the next academic year opens on the 1st Wednesday in September, and 1st session ends on Tuesday preceding Dec. 23; Winter vacation, eight weeks; Spring session, thirteen weeks; Spring vacation, two weeks; Summer session, ending on Commencement, nine weeks.

Fellowships are being founded; one worth \$450, called the Boudinot Fellowship, will be announced on Commencement, and before another year elapses, fellowships in all the branches are expected.

Scholarships are to be founded by some of the classes lately graduated.

The Catalogues present a far better appearance than usual.

'72 "RAKE."—The last "Lit." predicted no more "rakes," saying that they "were getting unpopular and the general determination was to have no more of them;" so you cannot imagine how surprised we were to find at our doors on a quiet Sunday morning, the Typical Forms of '71, as considered by '72. We can only say it was a "rake" in the full meaning of the term; any other criticism would be out of our sphere, as we do not exchange.

But "let us have peace" "in this quarter," or rather let there be no more rakes, for they can *scrape* up nothing new.

NEW BOOKS.—We saw a lot of new books on various subjects which had been purchased for the College library and will be on the shelves very soon; while speaking of the Library, we would say that keeping it open every day has been a great success.

VELOCIPEDES here, as every where, are all the go. An enterprising New Yorker opened a school at Mercer Hall about a month since and did a very good business until his machines gave out. He has now returned to the metropolis with the expectation, however, of visiting us again when the "Jersey mud" dries up. Wouldn't it seem strange to see the streets flooded with these curious bicycles: Youngsters "merrily rolling along" to school; merchants gliding swiftly to their places of business; doctors gravely propelling themselves on their killing visits; clergymen reverentially treading the air on their "Sabbath Day journeys" and pastoral visitations; the wise men of the day predict such a state of affairs as this; but we involuntarily exclaim, what of the ladies? Ah! "there's the rub!" "*Walking* down Broadway" will no longer be the "O. K. thing" for them. What will they do when these things come to pass? Will not some Yankee genius take pity and invent a new machine calculated for both sexes? Some poet has immortalized himself in a velocipede song; here is the chorus:

Oh! the gay velocipede! the swift velocipede!
A charming steed, for grace and speed,
Is the gay velocipede!

A PAPER FOR THE COLLEGE.—The Class of '70 has been agitating the subject of a college paper in connection with the "*Lit.*;" but at their last meeting decided to continue the "*Lit.*" only—a very wise decision, to our minds.

The publication of a *Lit.* and paper does not work well in other Colleges.

At Yale, they tried to support both, but where is their paper now, in whose hands is it? The College succeeded very well in getting it out of their hands as they did. A graduate editor now controls it, but it is not a College paper in any local sense; to be sure it has an undergraduate department; but we have heard from good authority that the undergraduate editors are hired, so little interest is being taken in the paper at Yale.

Harvard supports only a paper, which is really a magazine in a small form.

The University of Michigan is now trying to decide which to drop; we advise them to keep the magazine.

At Hamilton the same discussion is going on.

We do not have enough transpiring at home to support a paper, as it should be supported; we could find plenty of writers on scientific, geological and metaphysical subjects; but that is not what we want. And there is not much news to be derived from other Colleges. In looking over the papers now on our table we find a sameness existing in all; whenever one paper gets some thing good, every other one "follows suit;" we would not be severe upon any of our exchanges, but if the editors of the different College papers will notice this, they will find our statement true. There is always trouble existing

where they are both published, they can never agree even on reasonable subjects.

A magazine is productive of more honor to an institution; no scurrilous articles are apt to creep into its pages, as is too often the case in College papers; personalities are too often indulged in in these few sheet publications which a magazine would never allow to be published.

We offer these few remarks as a plea for our "*Lit.*," believing it to be the best publication we can produce here; far better than any paper would be.

Other Colleges, where only a paper is now published, would derive more benefit from a magazine, than from their present form of a College periodical.

THE *CARMINA PRINCETONIA* will be published and ready for delivery about Class Day; it is to be gotten up in a form very much like the *Carmina Yalensia*, containing many of the old "Nassau Songs," and some of the new and popular airs now sung in College. By the introduction of this book we look for a great improvement in our singing, and trust the Campus will be enlivened more than it has been of late years, by the musical tones of the students.

CLASS DAY is fast approaching, and with it much expected enjoyment. The committee are making grand preparations, which it will not do to communicate at this early day; they dare to assert, however, that it is to exceed anything of the kind ever indulged in before. Calcium lights will be used in addition to the Chinese lanterns, to increase the amount of illumination, for the promenade concert in the evening.

The exercises begin at 2 o'clock P. M. in Chapel, and continue as heretofore throughout the afternoon, closing with the exercises around the cannon.

The Prizes will be bestowed on the

Best Dancer,
"Jerome Medal Man,"
"Wickedest Man,"
Most Promising Moustache,
Ladies' Man,
Our Joker,
Best Musician,
Best Singer.

Grafulla's 7th Regiment Band will again supply the music; they have become necessary for all our entertainments.

We dare reveal no more, but wait with longing expectation for the day when our College life shall cease so pleasantly, amid the smiles of friends, glances of the fair sex, and the general enjoyments of a Class Day.

PHOTOGRAPHS for the different classes have not arrived yet, but are expected every day, as they have been for over a month past.

When we were in the city we visited Mr. Howell's room, and saw some of his views, which in our estimation cannot be surpassed; and in this assertion we are supported by criticism in the *Times*, *Herald*, *Independent*, *Observer*, and *Express*. He has also been complimented by the best artists in the city.

We did not see many of the class photographs, but what we have seen are equal to his views; we will not criticise them further till we see them all together.

We recommend Mr. Howell, of New York City, to the succeeding class as a gentleman and a first-class artist. His pictures should have been delivered before to the graduating class, but we believe some good reason must have prevented him.

OUT DOOR SPORTS, on account of the weather, have not been indulged in to a very great extent; we have seen a few base balls flying around the campus, as harbingers of the approaching season. The Nassau B. B. C. will not amount to much this season, as the Princeton seems to be the favorite. Their association is in a very flourishing condition, having good grounds and accommodation for friends.

Though under the supervision of the gentlemen in town, all the players are in College, and it should be considered a College club.

We anticipate a lively season in the base ball world, and we hope to meet the best College nines before the season is over. The Mutuals have promised a visit early in the season, and also all the prominent clubs in Brooklyn.

The canal offers abundance of room for those who prefer aquatic sports, and has never been appreciated by the students; its width is no disadvantage, as there is plenty of room to row even when boats are passing one another.

We have enjoyed being tossed upon the waves of the "raging canal," and have never lost sight of land, and consequently have never been sea-sick.

After a six months' experience we fully recommend it as a means of gaining health, muscle and pleasure.

THE NEW BUILDINGS.—A description of the plan to be followed in building the gymnasium has been given to us, which we submit as interesting to our readers.

The site for it, between the Observatory and North College, and on a line with these buildings, is already known; it will face the same as the Observatory. It is to be ninety feet in length by about forty-five in width; having an ornamental front with octagonal towers at each end, to correspond with the Observatory; spires will surmount the towers, with vanes. There are two floors, the upper one for the gymnasium, having a gallery at one end for spectators; the lower floor is for the bowling alley and bath rooms.

The work is expected to begin immediately, as the plans have been accepted and the contractor decided upon.

The design for Dickinson Hall has not been accepted yet; it is to be gotten up in the very best style, and will surpass any recitation building now existing in other colleges.

DOINGS AT OTHER COLLEGES.

DARTMOUTH, is soon to celebrate her Centennial and grand preparations are being made to insure a good time. Judge Parker lectures on Law to the Seniors this year. Velocipedes are not neglected by the students, two rinks being in operation.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.—In the Medical Department of the University a chair of Homœopathy has been founded.

The Legislature of Michigan sets a noble example to those of other states, by the interest it takes in the success of the state institution; it is a material interest, forty-five thousand dollars having been granted this year; how beneficial this must be to the University.

What an immaterial interest the Legislature of New Jersey takes in her institutions!

Additions to their Museum are being made continually by their friends.

Several books have been published of late by different members of the Faculty on scientific and other subjects. Eleven hundred students are in attendance.

AMHERST.—A noble stand has been taken by the Senior Class of this College against "hazing;" resolutions were passed condemning the practice as unmanly and ungentlemanly, and they have determined to expose all those carrying it on. We admire them for this stand they have taken and trust that "hazing" will soon cease in all the colleges.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA catalogues four hundred and fifty-two students this present year.

RACINE COLLEGE has a smoking room, well furnished with carpet, pictures, &c., where the students can enjoy smoking; next term a billiard saloon will be added; the West is surely progressing.

COLUMBIA.—The Trustees of Columbia have lately modified the statutes of the College in three particulars; as regards discipline, scholarship and attendance.

From the new statute on discipline it seems that they have never had any of that important article. The most radical change has been made in regard to scholarship; no grade being given through the term, but only on written examinations.

What hard study will now weary those students, who have found the course so laborious and confining heretofore!

How many more honor-men will come forth from their examinations!

They offer great inducements for regular attendance by permitting one quarter of the college exercises to be cut.

These few changes are what the Cap and Gown calls "putting away childish things, and daring to be the first guide in the untrodden paths of improvement."

OXFORD came off victorious again, at the regatta against Cambridge; this makes the ninth time in succession that Oxford has defeated the latter.

The distance was five miles, and time made by the winning crew was twenty minutes and six and a half seconds.

Both boats were fifty-six feet and four inches in length; the width of the Oxford boat was two feet and two inches; Cambridge, two feet one and half inches.

CAMBRIDGE opens her portals to the fair sex on July 5th, examination for admissions then taking place.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES, now number twenty nine, with 21,542 students, and the number of Professors engaged in lecturing last term, numbered 2,814; five hundred and fifty of their students are American, and over one thousand American pupils are attending the German boarding schools.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY has created six new degrees. It is to receive from the British Museum of Science, a splendid Cabinet of cereals of Great Britain. There are three hundred and eighty-eight students attending.

KENYON COLLEGE.—EX-GOV. Cox having declined the Presidency of Kenyon, it was tendered to Prof. Tappan of the Ohio University, who has accepted it.

HARVARD.—Mr. Charles W. Eliot was elected President by the former President and Fellows of the University and has been made subject to the approval of the Board of Overseers. He graduated in '53 and is now thirty-eight years old. He was a Tutor and lately a Professor. We would congratulate the Institution on their happy choice.

YALE is to have velocipedes in the gymnasium.

The University Crew are training for the annual regatta.

Besides this we have not heard any thing new or wonderful, going on there at present.

VASSAR COLLEGE has several boat crews, and the young ladies use translations for Cicero's Orations.

PERSONAL.

Mr. David R. Sessions, '70, has been awarded the prize, for the best original prose essay, for this number of the "Lit."

Hon. Stephenson Archer, '46. Member of the House of Representatives from Maryland.

Hon. W. H. Armstrong, '47. Member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania.

William Baylis, '68. Lately returned from Europe, and now in a stock broker's office in New York City.

J. Sylvanus Blair, '66. Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa.

Hon. B. H. Brewster, '34. Attorney-General of Pa.

G. Brown, '70. At Georgetown College, D. C.

R. C. Dalzell, '66. Traveling in Europe.

G. M. Davie, '68. Filibustering in Cuba.

Jesse Gilbert, '67. Lately visited Princeton on his wedding tour.

Hon. Charles Haight, '57. Member of the House of Representatives from New Jersey.

J. Morgan Hart, '60. Just appointed Professor in Cornell University.

Russel H. Johnson, '68. Lately returned from Europe.

Hon. H. S. Little, '44. President of the Senate of New Jersey.

R. F. Little, '67. Recently lit the Hymenial torch.

James C. Lindsly, '67. Has passed his final medical examination, and was appointed Valedictorian of his class.

Rev. James M. Ludlow, '61. Has lately been installed a pastor of the Collegiate Church, New York City.

R. M. McDowell, '72. *Recruiting his health* at Easton, Pa.

Rev. S. S. Mitchell, '61. Pastor of the late Dr. Gurley's church, Washington, D. C.

Gen. G. M. Robeson, '47. Attorney-General of New Jersey.

Hon. E. W. Scudder, '41. Just appointed Judge of Supreme Court of New Jersey.

J. B. Scribner, '72. Business in New York City.

James S. Simonton, '52. Appointed Professor in Jefferson and Washington College.

Hon. J. P. Stockton, '43. Senator from N. J.

Ledyard Van Rensselaer, '66. Just passed his final medical examination.

William Ward, '69. Charge of chemical works at Providence, R. I.

J. C. Wilson, '67. A veritable disciple of Esculapius.

John Young, '69. *Fighting* Blackstone at Columbus, Miss.

Dr. Hart, has afforded the Senior Class a means of deriving much instruction and pleasure, from his lectures on English Literature; his course is nearly through for this year.

The Senior Class, would be most happy to hear the remaining lectures of Dr. Forsyth, on History, before the session closes.

The names of five new Trustees appear in the Catalogue this year.

Hon. John A. Stewart, New York City.

Gen. N. Norris Halsted, Newark, N. J.

Rev. William Henry Green, D. D., Princeton, N. J.

Robert Cornelius, Esq., Philadelphia.

DR. MACLEAN'S PRESENT.—The foregoing Editors, neglected to mention that our worthy Ex-President had been presented with a handsome secretary and chair, by the last classes under his care; viz., '69, '70 and '71.

They are made of black walnut in a plain and new style, but they are a small exponent of our appreciation of his qualities.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL

PLAGIARISM.—We were favored a short time since with printed circulars from Troy, N. Y., containing an offer on the part of certain so called "Gentlemen of ability and culture" to furnish, upon short notice, and for a reasonable compensation, any form or kind of written production. A certain

student wrote to this *philanthropic* brotherhood, requesting full particulars. We publish the reply *verbatim* for the benefit of those who think "there is nothing new under the sun."

TROY, N. Y., March, 1869.

DEAR SIR:—Yours is received. Our terms for writing Orations are one dollar per minute, provided no oration is less than seven and one half minutes in length, or more than ten; for each minute over ten, 50 cents. For other productions, essays, forensics, dissertations and the like, a discount of twenty per cent. on the price of orations is made. The above terms are on the supposition that you choose your own subject. When we choose the subject we make a discount of ten per cent. Remit with order or on rec't of MSS. as suits your convenience.

Resp't.,

C. H. MONROE.

We leave this subject with the earnest wish that so disgusting an association may, ere long, be compelled to write its own epitaph.

AMUSING.—It is really strange, how curious some people are. Restless and fidgety, they must pry into every corner, and examine every out of the way place, lest, haply, something may escape their scrutinizing gaze.

Our printing office was haunted by such an individual, but an incident occurred which amused us very considerably, and, at the same time, cured him effectually of his bad habit. It seems that the gentleman had been contesting for the prize essay, and unable longer to restrain his curiosity, tremblingly he approached the printer with the question, Have I got it? (meaning the prize.) *Go to the Devil* and see! was the reply. Not in the least discouraged, our friend approached his "Satanic majesty" and repeated the inquiry, Have I got it? Well, I won't be certain, but from your looks *I should think that you had it pretty bad.* (Exit curiosity by the back door.)

STATISTICS.—At the expense of much labor and time we have compiled the following statistics of the class of '69.

1st, Statistics with regard to number, age, weight, &c.

Whole number in class, 75; number graduating, 54; average age, 21 years, 5 months, 23 days; average weight, 137 lbs., 7 oz.; average height, 5 feet, 9 inches; Clios, 26; Whigs, 28.

With regard to the different callings in life we have made the following discoveries:

Business, 10; theology, 8; theology and linguistics, 1; law, 23; medicine, 3; engineering, 1; teacher, 1; farmer 1; doubtful, 6.

Capillary Statistics:

Side issues, 7; luxuriant growth, 5; chinners, 2; young shavers, 14; incipient dawn, 11; hair lips, 14.

The class is also blessed with one modern Esau.

Perhaps it will interest our readers to see in a group the various nick-names that have been applied to the members of '69. Here they are and a motley collection too.

Ale; Annie Hole in the Day; Bait; Balbus; Barnum; Barnum's trained Animal; Beast; Bonaparte; Brother; Cicero; Cherub; Chip Chap, the Cave Child; Coffer Dam; Crazy; Chidiack Tichbourne; Colonel; Colum-

bia; Cordie; Daniel; Dem Tasty; Dickie; Doctor; Dot; Double Dot; Don Pedro; Doubtless; Dr. Pluto; Duckie; Dutch Alvino; Dutch Bill; Elongated Collegian; Enoch Arden; Fat Face; Flipper Lip; Frenchy; Frogbush; "G;" General; Georgie Spadie; Gideon; Grandfather; Grandmother; Gus; Harmon; Hermit; Hock Dunc; Humbug; Ichabod; Ignobilis Pila; Infant; Jake; Jerry; Johnnie Aix; John John; Joker; "K. D.;" Lamb; Lazy; Lengthy; Lieutenant General; Lycurgus; Maecenas; Mac; Major; Merk; Mike; Missouri Boy; Mixed; Mose; Mother; "Mrs.;" Needles; Nick; Nuisance; Old Lady; Our mutual Friend; Pat; Patriarch; Pennsylvania Dutch; Pete; Poet; Pope; Reynard; Scotty; Seal; Shadow; Sissy; Smooth face; Spes; Squails; Stump; Themis; Tickle-le-tay; Tight; Toady; Tom Paine; Towser; Zyp and Zigler.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—The photographs are still *coming*. We are rather surprised that Mr. Howell should be so slack in the delivery of his pictures. He is already about two months behindhand. Of course he cannot expect the patronage of Princeton students while he follows any such plan as this.

THE AMERICAN WHIG SOCIETY, celebrates its Centennial Anniversary, on Tuesday, the 29th of June, the day previous to Commencement.

Prof. Henry C. Cameron will read a History of the Society and Hon. Richard S. Field, LL.D., of Princeton, N. J., will deliver an Oration.

Whigs, come one, come all!

GRATUITOUS ADVICE.—We would like to offer one or two suggestions to the succeeding corps of Editors, with regard to the "Lit." In the first place, would it not be better if the covers of the Magazine were a little thicker and stiffer, and hence not so easily mused and crumpled? And secondly, would it not be a great improvement if the advertisements were printed on thin white paper, in contrast with the other part of the book. We offer these suggestions that they may be acted upon as the succeeding Editors see fit; it seems to us that in these two respects the "Nassau Lit." might be improved greatly.

THE LAST SENSATION seems to be steeple top "plugs" and Wizard Oil. Our eyes have been greeted with an extensive view of the former flitting around the Campus on the heads of "nobby" youths who seem to be trying to lead the fashion. We understand that one of our townsmen having a number of antiquated hats on hand resolved to enter rather extensively into the "April fooling" business and thus get rid of them. His plan succeeded well. The beavers were all sold at an immense profit, and the result is these elongated specimens that greet the eye in all directions.

We know nothing with regard to the Wizard Oil. If it can "soothe the troubled breast" as effectually as the music that accompanies it why send us up half a dozen bottles. (Of course the oil must be *free*, like the music.)

Prof. Aiken, we understand, is very busy just now, translating a German Commentary. We have a very high opinion of the Professor's ability as a linguist, and doubt not but that his work will reflect much honor both upon himself and the institution with which he is associated.

We take this opportunity to thank the Committee on Prizes, for the uniform dispatch with which they have performed their truly arduous task. Their decisions have always been satisfactory. At the same time we cheerfully recommend the printer to all succeeding classes, for his business tact, and the generous attention which he bestows upon his patrons.

EXCHANGES.

The following is a complete list of our exchanges :

Magazines :—Hamilton Literary Monthly, Yale Literary Magazine, Union Literary magazine, Index Universitatis, Dartmouth, Collegian, Michigan University Magazine.

Papers :—Targum, Harvard Advocate, McKendree Repository, Trinity Tablet, College Mercury, University Chronicle, University Reporter, Madisonsensis, Vidette, Amherst Student, College Courier, Cap and Gown, College Argus, Willoughby Collegian, Indiana Student, Yang-Lang.

We have also received a catalogue of the University of Virginia, Peterson's Counterfeit Detector, the American Educational Monthly and the Library of Education.

We would recommend the University Chronicle, from Ann Harbor, Michigan, for the regularity of its habits ; we haven't been compelled to give it one tardy mark ; on the contrary we always know when to expect it. Let some of our other exchanges take notice and "follow suit." We are reminded forcibly of our own sad deficiency in this respect, and hope that we have learned a profitable lesson from the good example of this paper.

We have received two copies of the Union Literary Magazine from Canton, Mo. With the first we were disgusted, positively disgusted. Purporting to come from a Christian University, we expected something a little above the playfulness of school children, but were disappointed. Upon examination, we found the "Editorial" to be nothing but a collection of barbarous, most unchristian like, attempts at wit ; mere child's play upon names.

The second number was a decided improvement upon the first. We congratulate C. W. B. upon the fact, that, although living in such an atmosphere, he still remains uncontaminated. We would advise our Missouri friends, if they wish to make their magazine more readable, to avoid all such subjects as "Mother Home and Heaven," "Perseverance," and the like. *Good enough*, to be sure, but so old and worn out that no good writer will choose them and no good magazine will publish them. The Editors of the "Union" are certainly not lacking in hope as will be seen from the following paragraph : "We are looking forward with great expectations into the future when our magazine will rank as one of the foremost and brightest stars in the literary firmament."

* We clip the following from the Dartmouth : "The Nassau Lit." is the neatest and most tasty of the college magazines. On the whole it is as good in a literary way as any." Thank you ! we won't remark upon the neatness

and general excellence of the Dartmouth, lest we be thought merely returning the compliment out of common politeness.

It is unnecessary that we should add to the flattering comments already made upon the Cap and Gown. Its whole appearance is very tasty and attractive, owing in some measure, probably, to the facilities for printing which are afforded in so large a city as New York. Be very circumspect, Editors of the Cap and Gown, with regard to the matter which you publish, for the *external* appearance of your paper awakens such "great expectations," that we are very apt to be disappointed, unless we find the *very best internal* arrangements.

In an article headed "Telescopic Notes" in one of its back numbers, the Cap and Gown omitted, through ignorance, we presume, to mention the telescope constructing for Princeton Observatory, which is to be the finest in the world. Editors please take notice and "poll up" on Telescopes!

The Targum comes to us from New Brunswick. When it first made its appearance we felt almost like reaching over and shaking hands with our neighbors. We wish this little craft, that has just ventured forth upon the literary sea, a long and successful voyage.

The Yale "Lit." has come to us with its interesting "bill of fare." The articles are for the most part spicy and quite readable. "Our College Choir" awakened many painful recollections. We can deeply sympathise with the writer of that piece, for of all college choirs, ours is certainly—we'll we won't say it either. A quotation comes to mind which so exactly expresses our feelings on this point, that we cannot refrain—

"Our choir would scarcely be excused
E'en as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us, his psalms had ne'er descended:
In furious mood he would have tore 'em!"

But we had almost forgotten that pretty little story the Yale Eds. told us in their last issue about the old lady and young gentleman, &c. We are very much obliged. It was was such a *nice little story*! all other *small* favors will be very thankfully received. Be as much like the young man as you please in *other* respects, but don't, we beseech of you, don't be so "*fresh*."

We wonder why the Vidette always fails to mention us in its list of exchanges. It certainly would not be impolite enough to do it intentionally. We trust, therefore, that hereafter their "sin of omission" will be corrected.

We have been favored with two publications from the firm of J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., N. Y.: The American Educational Monthly and No. 1 of Library of Education. We glanced through the former and found it to be a magazine discussing in a very general and very able manner the whole subject of education. No first class reading room should be without it.

With regard to the latter, it seems to us that it is published in rather too diminutive a form. The majority of those who purchase will do so with a view to binding and preserving. Such a sized pamphlet, as that, bound, would make a very ill proportioned and inelegant book.

The Yang Lang reaches us at the last moment. It seems to be an illustrated college joker. The illustrations are miserable, some of the jokes but little better. However, it has the one virtue of being something new.

The Harvard Advocate, in an article on exchanges, says: "The Nassau Literary Magazine" is very handsomely printed on elegantly tinted paper, but its contents are heavy. We should like to quote, but dare not, for Wilson's presses break down sometimes, if the matter in the paper is very heavy, and then the Editors feel blue, and some of the subscribers swear at the delay, and the Financial Agent gets furious; therefore we won't quote the 'Nassau Lit.' We will say that the 'Olla Podrida' is charmingly entertaining, and as lively and frisky as a grasshopper on a May morning."

If we had been going to criticise ourselves, that is just what we would have said. We hope hereafter, thanks to the Advocate, to always have a *light Lit.* But we must not leave our Harvard friends without noticing the general tidiness of their paper, and more especially the very interesting matter with which it is filled. *Macte virtute!*

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

"Where is Heaven?" *still remains to be seen.* The author's metre is as varied as the conjectures with regard to the locality of the aforementioned place. He signs himself '71. If his poetry is a fair specimen of the poetical ability of his class, we shudder and pass on.

"Rights of Property" was shoved out "in the cool" by matter more suitable for a college magazine. Profound essays and metaphysical disquisitions are not what we need, but light, interesting articles; in short, just what we would naturally expect college students to write; articles breathing the spirit and supporting the interests of young men.

"Over My Cigar" is too much enveloped in *smoke* to be acceptable.

"When in the lonely evening hour,
Supported but by thee,
O'er Greek and Latin text I pore,
My fate in thine I see."

We take it for granted that the writer (L. W. J.,) means his fate as a poet. Smoke and ashes! Sad end, is it not?

Alpha sends us a production on "The Power of Events in Influencing and Civilizing Humanity." Sounds "big," don't it? "Distance lends enchantment!" Upon close inspection we found it to be the same "old, old story" of Adam and the fall and the new dispensation, only robed in a new dress; ergo, we cast it aside. Try again, Alpha, only give us some *new thoughts* next time. You may come out *first* yet.

"The College Bell" *told* its story so imperfectly that we are unable to publish it. We can't agree with M. in his antipathy for that venerable institution which hangs "up above the world, so high." We love its familiar music.

In reading some of the poetical effusions that come to us, we feel almost like exclaiming with the poet, "'Twere no bad thing, should some men die before they sing." But come what will, we suppose people will continue to imagine themselves burning with poetical fire, until they find too late that it has been after all nothing but the feverish glow of an excited fancy.

"Translations" in any form, are unacceptable to us. We don't believe in them! So we couldn't publish Horace, Lib. I., Carmen XXI.

"College essays," *essays* much and accomplishes little. We are sorry that with so good a subject, the writer made such a miserable failure. His production shows evident marks of haste and carelessness, although he himself advocates the plan of "writing and rewriting until each word shall be the *very* word in the *very* place." Strange inconsistency!

None of the contestants for the Prize Poem reached the proper standard, so we were compelled reluctantly to withdraw the prize.

THE LAST WORDS.

We walked leisurely to our "sanctum" this morning, talking business in a very impressive manner, assuming all possible editorial dignity, and bowing very indifferently to any of the "common herd" we chanced to meet. Approaching the door, we opened it and entered. But what means this change! The "editorial chair"—*our* editorial chair, is already occupied; *our* ink stand is replaced by another and newer one; a box of bright, new pens has taken the place of our old ones; our papers are thrown carelessly in a heap in one corner of the room, and to crown all, we, the Editors, are politely requested by a band of usurpers to leave the apartment—*our sanctum*. Ah! the *our* has flown. The truth flashes upon us. Our term of office has expired. We have been superseded. We must leave. Gathering up a few remaining documents we left the room, no longer ours. Business matters were forgotten, dignity dropped, and once again we felt ourselves to be a part of the "*profanum vulgus*."

Yes, kind reader, our task is completed. "The Nassau Literary Magazine" now falls into other hands—hands that are able to sustain it well. We entrust it to our successors without the least misgiving as to its future safety and prosperity.

We trust that the path through which we have led you has not been an altogether unpleasant one; that although at some times you have found nothing but dry branches and withered leaves, yet at others you have gathered fragrant flowers and mellow fruit.

What more is needed? Nothing but thanks to all our patrons and friends for their liberality and kindness, and then that we pen that word, so full of meaning, so significant, so sad—that little word, *farewell*!

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